The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1609 NOV. 22, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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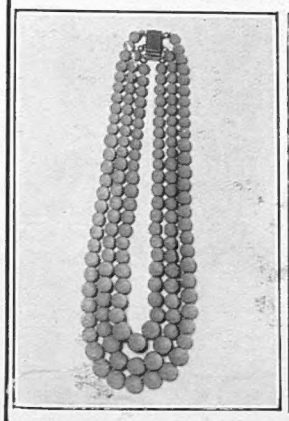
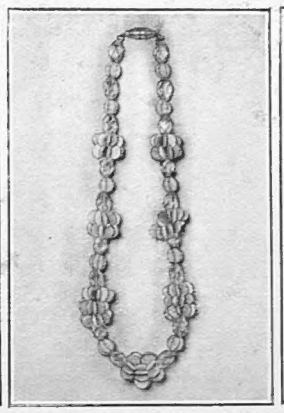
A FEW ITEMS FROM OUR JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT WHERE SMART WOMEN MEET TO SECURE THE LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.



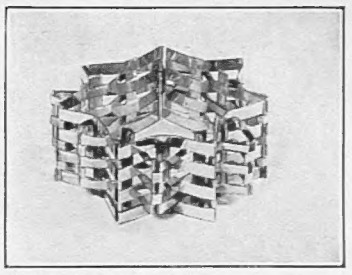
Three-Row NECKLACE with the new dull finish bead, plain coloured stone, snap to match. In coral and turquoise. For smart wear. **25/-**



CHOKER NECKLACE in turquoise, white discs and crystal beads. Very charming. **10/-**

Three-Row white metal and turquoise NECKLACE for day wear. The Latest **£2.2.0**

CLIP-ON BROOCH in sterling silver. Most useful for shoes, hats and bags. **21/-**



BRACELET in white metal, untarnishable, very effective for sports wear. **24/-**

RING set in sterling silver with real black onyx. Very attractive. **21/-**

(Our Xmas Catalogue sent on application)

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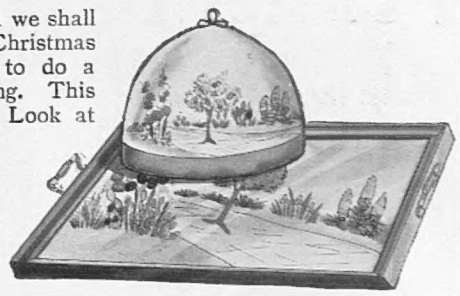
Christmas is a-Coming

and if we are not very careful we shall wake up one day to find that Christmas has come and we have yet to do a great proportion of our shopping. This need not necessarily be so. Look at the great variety of inspiration here displayed to help you in your choice; but, be advised, shop early, and then you will easily get "the pick of the bunch."



Attractive WOOD TRAYS especially made for Marshall & Snelgrove. The centre panel of linen painted and embroidered and covered glass. The whole made to tone in soft colourings of blue, pink, green, fuschia, mauve, light brown
Size 15" × 11½". Price **23/9**
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The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight

"Dine by 'Nell Gwynn' Candlelight, says Fashion"

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their Dining-tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight. Candlelight is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining-table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed and not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

For Decoration Too

The slim elegant shades of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the sideboard and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours and 10 different varieties.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are Most Acceptable Gifts

As gifts "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new Gift Box containing four 14-in. Candles with four coloured Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box costs only 5/-.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of Other Days," to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. G., London, S.E.1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles I.

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Stewart postiche is so perfectly modelled, so exquisitely light, so exactly your own hair in texture and shade that only the glorious completeness of your coiffure will be noticed.

Consult Stewarts upon *every* hairdressing problem. Not only are they master posticheurs, they are also permanent waving and tinting experts. And their charges are surprisingly reasonable.

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It contains all the vitamins deficient in ordinary diet and makes weakly children strong and healthy.

If your child is listless, run-down or off his food, Roboleine will quickly give renewed health, strength and energy.

Makes good blood, firm flesh and sturdy bone

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Recommended by Doctors for over 20 years.

GENEROUS 12-DOSE SAMPLE.

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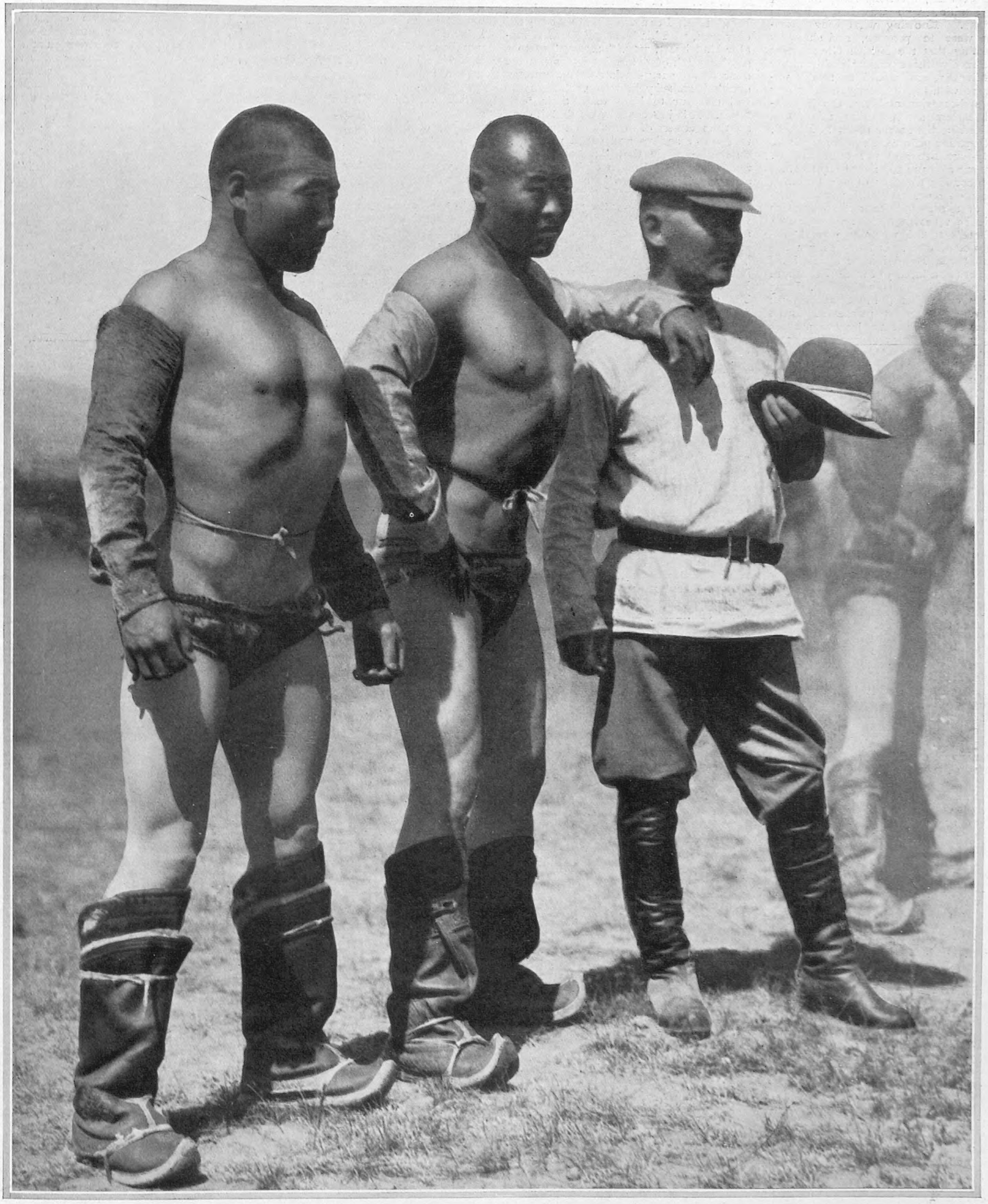
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1609 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 3d. } London, November 22, 1930



MONGOLIAN WRESTLERS

Preparing for their Annual Contest on

THE DESOLATE STEPPES

The Mongols have a place in history as a fighting race. The Golden Horde of Genghis Khan, the whirlwind riders of Attila, the fatal cohorts of Tamerlane, and, to this day, the shock troops of Manchuria all bear witness thereto. Individually, as collectively, they joy in combat, and their sports are the microcosm of their life. These gigantic Mongol wrestlers derive from the same stock as the famous warriors of old. Their bouts are, if not to the death, approach it. They wrestle in the heavy boots and frontless vests, protecting only arms and back, in which they are seen above. Championships are held annually among these mighty men of valour whose deep chests and lusty thews would make the village blacksmith of Longfellow's verse seem puny by comparison.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 19, 1930.

The Imperial Conference.—To whitewash the Imperial Conference is beyond the powers of the nimblest juggler with words, or the most bigoted partisan of the Government. It has been a terrible waste of time, for none more than for Mr. Scullin, who was badly needed at home. Knowing what they themselves were to propose, and shrewdly suspecting that the British Government would receive those proposals with apathy or antipathy, and would be totally unprepared with the necessary facts for any serious discussion of them, the Dominion Premiers are probably not much surprised at the barren results. Indeed, Mr. Snowden gave the show away within twenty-four hours of the start proper. There are always good moral results from such a coming together of the Empire's leading citizens. It is of vast importance that personalities and characters should be revealed by intercourse, and a half-hour's talk is worth two years' exchange of minutes. Yet one cannot but feel that the Dominion Premiers have been put to an infinity of trouble to secure a belated and inopportune holiday. None can yet contradict if the Conservatives pointedly declare on public platforms that the Conference sat at least six months too soon. Lord Beaverbrook's broadcast disappointment at finding his worst fears realized must pale in insignificance beside the silent despair of Mr. Thomas. That stout imperialist and hard-working optimist has had a disastrous career, "when Labour ruled" for the second time. It is an unjust world. He will go down to history as the man who was selected to cope with unemployment and to make a success of the Imperial Conference.

Wait Till Next Time.—Once more the Liberals have paid out another strand of rope to the doomed Socialists. The money resolution of the new Education Bill was allowed to pass by a narrow majority, and those Liberals who came to protest remained to vote with the Socialists, those who did not discover a pressing engagement elsewhere before the division. The Liberal Party having promised a roar over the money resolution, mean to postpone their big noise till the Committee stage is reached, and no doubt some sort of squeak will be heard then. If Sir Charles Trevelyan and his lieutenant from Wales are capable of handling the Bill during what will prove extremely harrassing Committee stages, possibly the Liberals might squeak in vain there. But the subject is extremely intricate, and demands vast experience and deep-seated knowledge, lack of which even the coaching of the permanent officials cannot always make up for. It is, therefore, by no means certain that this ill-timed addition to the national burden (however admirable in principle) will win through without having its wings clipped and its feathers pulled out. Sir Archibald Sinclair has accepted the office of Chief Whip for the Liberal Party—on conditions. He will remain in charge so long as the Party is united—whether that implies unanimity in lethargy or unanimity in a new policy of patriotic activity remains to be seen.

The Old Gang.—The failure of the Socialist Government—none ever so abysmal—is now on every lip. The triumphant *nach Paris* of last June is to-day *sauve qui peut.* Mr. George or no Mr. George, its days are numbered. At any moment Mr. Baldwin may have to draft a rough cast for his next administration. I wonder what is passing behind that plain, serene brow to which Nature and "Low" have given a worried look which belie his character. He has declared his policy now in no uncertain voice; it is a policy which he must well know only a team of strong men, brave men, energetic and really capable men, can possibly carry out with a measure of success. Root and branch economy, after the orgy of bread and circuses to which we have been treated, cries for men of the fire of Franchet d'Esperey in war. Mr. Baldwin must also have men in his Cabinet capable of understanding the language and following the simpler arguments of our great industrial leaders whose patience with politicians is now exhausted. He must have men who can talk to the Dominions without revealing in every sentence a complete ignorance of every problem which has a range beyond the four-mile radius. He needs dignity, elasticity, fire, energy, courage, youth. How the devil is he to kick the old gang of limpets out of the galley?

No Easy Task.—No easy task lies before him. I can conceive that our good easy man, with his fine loyalty and damnably kind heart, may, if screwed up to a sudden pitch of determination, show the door to the party-hack mediocrities, the double-barrelled political opportunists who will clamour to have back their portfolios. It is just conceivable that he will see the madness of throwing minor offices to country squires and social magnates, on the principle that "nobody can do much harm as Minister of Transport or at the Office of Works." But how is he to explain the parting of the ways to the quondam big guns of the party? How will he make clear, for example, to Mr. Churchill that the country could never stand another Churchill budget or Chamberlain regime at the F.O.? Ticklish it is bound to be. It looks as if Mr Baldwin is to have one more chance. Two great chances he has thrown to the winds. The Conservatives have given him a third chance but this time the odds are far longer. There is no office in the Government which he can afford to throw as a sop to a mediocrity on the score of friendship or social importance. Every place, however humble, must be filled by the best available man, and those not so filled are better scrapped.

Looking Ahead.—If there is any grain of sense in this view, youth is to have its chance in the next Conservative administration and there is no time to waste. There are obvious choices for minor rôles who are either still without a seat or nursing extremely doubtful constituencies. Mr. Duff Cooper and Colonel Headlam are examples which occur to me. Both these men who possess brains, courage, imagination, and administrative ability, should now be made safe for the uncertain hour when they may be needed. They continually do good service to the Party while in the wilderness. And then there is the important field of finance and industry which needs exploring. Big business men should be even now weighing Mr. Baldwin's appeals to make sacrifices for patriotism and to support him by accepting office when the time comes. I do not carry (need I say?) the guns of Lord Rothermere. Mr. Baldwin for the price of my support will not undertake to submit me his proposals. I have not even asked him to do so. I merely say I should like to know what is passing behind that serene, if rugged, brow.

Wireless in Churches.—A real shortage of clergy is revealed in the Staffing of Parishes Commission which is able to point to at least a thousand large parishes hopelessly deficient in clerical assistance. In time no doubt the successful Sponsors Scheme will go far to make that deficiency good. Meanwhile the sensible suggestion is made in the report that broadcast wireless services might be given in hundreds of churches which are silent and empty from lack of personnel. In such a suggestion there can now be nothing shocking. The radio has brought blessings untold into country life—knowledge, reliable and unexaggerated news, fresh interests, good literature, and good music. The religious side of the B.B.C. programme has been admirably served. Broadcast services from cathedrals and famous churches have brought comfort to thousands of bedridden and busy folk, and from these services nothing is lacking save, perhaps, the atmosphere of sacred associations, silence, and antiquity. There are dozens of "little lost down churches" which would draw the inhabitants of remote villages and outlying settlements who can reach no other centre of worship. There is a fine opportunity here for the latest invention of science to restore an aspect of old country life.

"R 101."—The *R 101* inquiry was last week adjourned for nearly a month. We have grown used to listening closely to a report of the day's proceedings as the chief item of interest in the news. The court has hitherto been engaged in collecting facts. On December 3 it will endeavour to extract from relevant facts, tests, and calculations, the prime cause of the accident. The matter is *sub judice*, and it would be inappropriate and foolish for plain men to make deductions or prophecies. But it is harmless commentary to record the public's painful surprise at some of the startling admissions of doubt expressed by experts as to the ship's airworthiness, at evidence of undue haste in pressing forward for political reasons the India flight, and of patent defects revealed during the curtailed trials under perfect flying conditions. The general impression has been created that *R 101* left Cardington for India an object of considerable anxiety to those who were most familiar with her construction and history. There the matter rests for the moment. The public is assured that no reputation will be whitewashed, no damning fact glossed over, and that the inquest of *R 101* will be one of the frankest and most open inquiries ever held.

THE EMPIRE PREMIERS AT THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS: The Dominion Premiers visited the great centre of the British film industry at Elstree and were very entertained with the studio procedure. The distinguished gathering is seen above watching the recording of an incident from *The Happy Husband*. The two leading ladies, Miss Fay Compton (in arm-chair), and Miss Margot Grahame, figure in the foreground, with Mr. Edmond Breon and Mr. Hubert Harben seated to the right

Heygate.—If you went into Balliol Quad and shouted "Heygate!" at the first pair of undergraduates you met your expression would be understood and resented, and possibly punished with blows. Heygate is an adjective originally meaning "correct" or "conventional," but now corrupted to the sense of second-rate, drab, dingy, "not quite." The man who gave his name to this adjective of mediocrity was not mediocre; he was a brilliant teacher, and is the father of young Mr. Heygate, who has just set Eton by the ears with a novel of Eton life. In this novel, for one reason or other, the emotional side of adolescence and its pathetic curiosity and urgings are stressed and given undue importance. The novel is not a remarkable novel anyway; it is not even a good broad picture of school life. Eton is a famous school and should ignore her traducers and faithless sons and their treacheries. But she never succeeds in being dignified under these trials. Mr. Alington of course plunges into doggerel and puns; the school authorities ban the book from the Eton bookshops (in order to encourage its sale), and young Lord Birkenhead smashes the butterfly with a mighty hammer borrowed from his father's armoury, a hammer which doubtless one day he will be strong enough to wield in a worthy cause and on a worthy field.

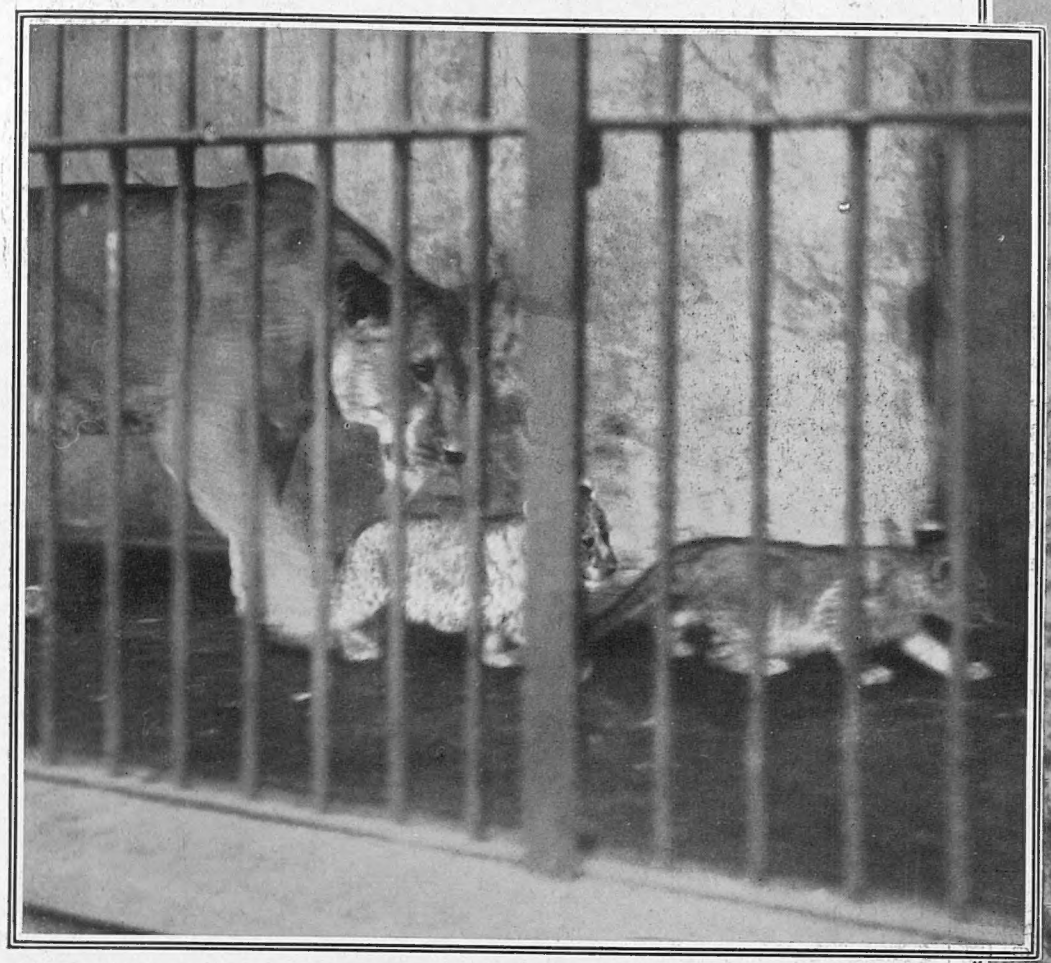
Farnham Castle.—For long months the Diocese of Guildford has been rent in sunder and torn by doubts concerning the future of Farnham Castle, the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester which dominates the growing town of Farnham. It is one of those old piles which are enormously expensive to maintain in repair and its size is such that none but a millionaire could keep it up as a private residence. Some form of compromise was the only alternative to scrapping it altogether. But no compromise was possible without a considerable fund. The call came, and was answered on the spur of the moment by Mrs. Anderson who lives in that Waverley Abbey which gives its name to Scott's novels, a famous pen, and a number of famous Scottish hotels. By means of a whirlwind campaign in times of acute financial depression, she extracted nearly £20,000 in record time, from far and near, for a cause for which even local sentiment was not unanimous. She therefore well deserved the shouts of applause which greeted her at the Diocesan Conference last week. The fate of the castle was settled in the face of a determined minority and it will be converted into a semi-detached palace and semi-detached Retreat-house. Time will show if the compromise was a wise one.

Cedric Hardwicke.—In *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* Cedric Hardwicke presents the character of a slow-motion maniac which still haunts me. Indeed I never saw a more haunting play. As it proceeded that mad white face began to obsess me. Where had I seen that maniac before? And then suddenly I recalled the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, stealthily moving along the corridor to the President's box. Am I right in thinking that in his 'prentice days, Mr. Hardwicke created this super's part of a super-maniac, and is once again engaged—this time in the major rôle—on his fell trade of blind cruelty? Perhaps he will take this—as it is intended—as a tribute to his powers.

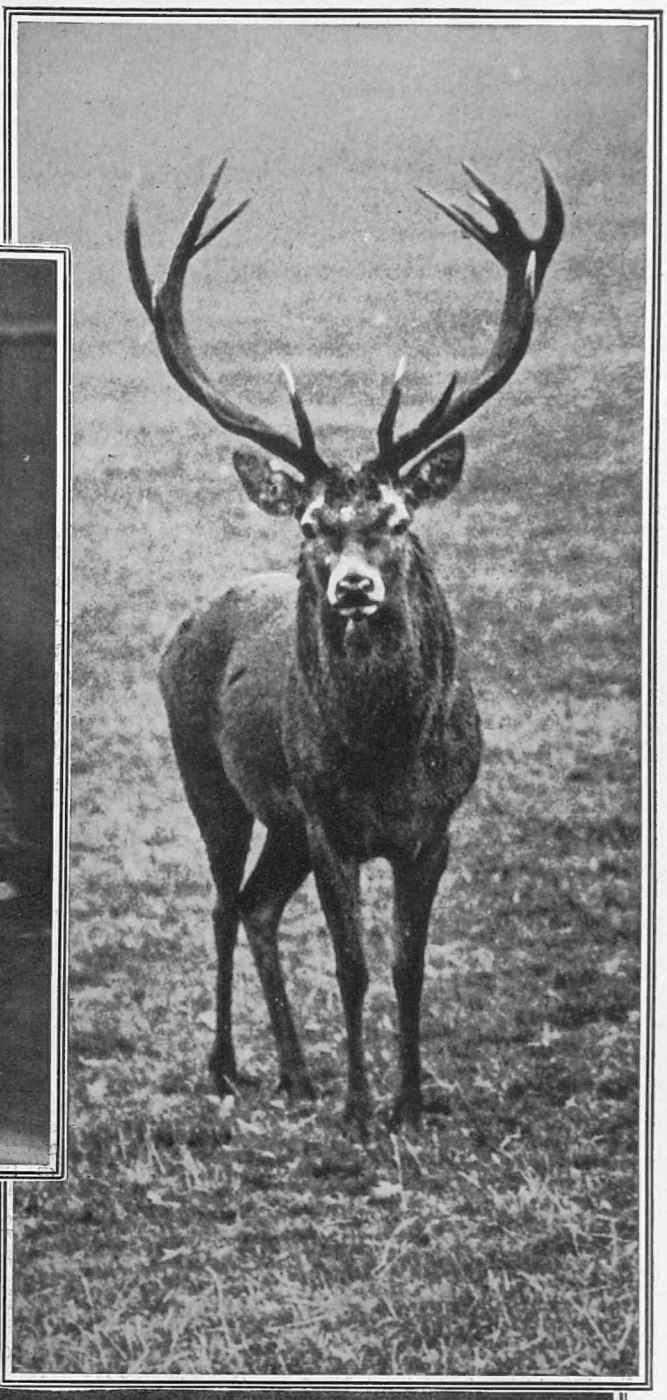
THE OLD STAGER.

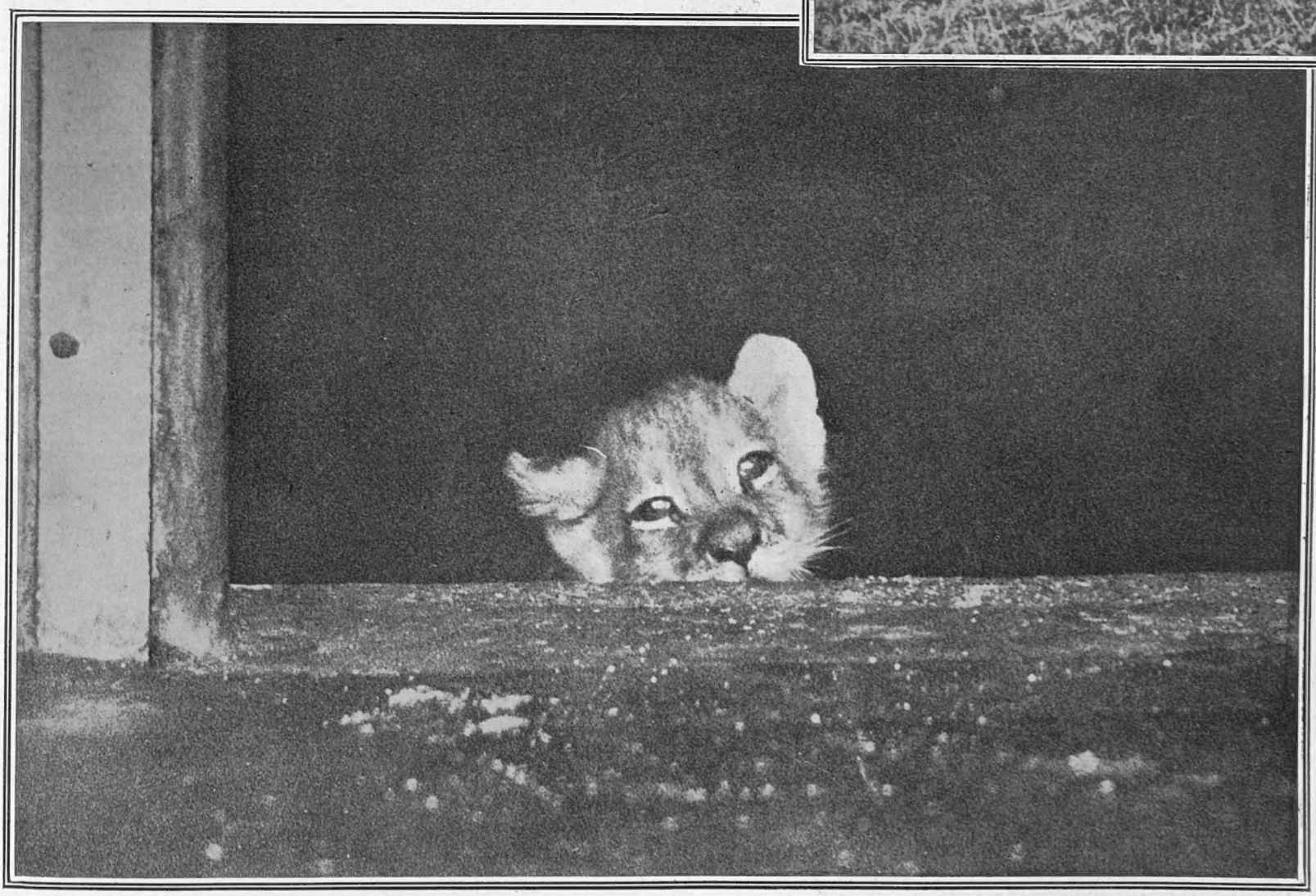
KINGS *of* RICHMOND *and* REGENT'S PARKS

Lion at the Zoo: Red Monarch by the Thames



FOLLOWING IN HER CHILDREN'S FOOTSTEPS: The three cubs born to Pat and Doris on September 23 at the London Zoo are not yet on view, but appear occasionally in the front cage. The parents were presented to the Zoo by the King, and their cubs are the first to be born at Regent's Park since 1929. Doris, the proud mamma, is seen above acting as nurse-maid for her offsprings' first public walk





THE FIRST PEEP AT THE WORLD: One of the cubs born in September at the London Zoo to Pat and Doris Lion, regarded the great world with brilliant yet half-timid eyes when her mother wished to take her for her first walk before the admiring public. The inner cage was very snug and friendly, the little cub seemed to protest, and the outer, whither Doris had already led her other two children, was cold and surrounded with hostile people, who, were the truth known, anxious only to admire the attractive youngsters

Inset above—*A RED MONARCH, WHO BROOKS NO INTERFERENCE: A brother of the stag which attacked Lady Oxford and Asquith and her grand-daughter, Miss Priscilla Bibesco, in Richmond Park, and forced the countess into a gorse bush. The Red Monarch also attacked the chauffeur who went to Lady Oxford's aid*

LOTTERIES *of* YESTERDAY

and a British Museum Effort of To-day

IN THE NAME OF THE KING: "Farmer George's" Governments collected a great deal of money from the lottery system. State lotteries were authoritatively recognized as is shown by this advertisement of 1777

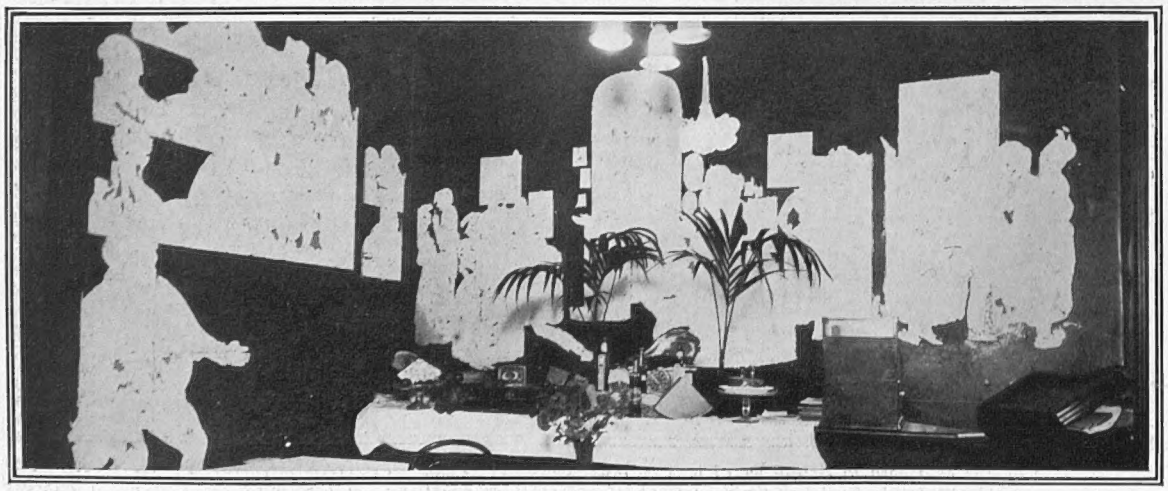
OBVERSE AND REVERSE: Success and failure in the lottery portrayed with Hogarthian venom and inscribed with a jingle reading—

"Thirty thousand I've got,
How lucky's my lot"

and

"I'm as poor as a rat
Thank the lottery for that"

THE DRAW: A scene in the Guildhall in 1739 during the draw for a State Lottery. The lottery system dates back to Tudor days and endured in England to the middle of the reign of George IV, but thereafter the Law stepped in with a veto, to remove which there is a movement now on foot



MUTE TESTIMONY OF A MASTERPIECE: The wall of the Duncannon Tavern, Charing Cross, where were the Pickwick frescoes by A. R. Thomson, illustrated in a recent issue of "The Sphere." The British Museum was induced by the pressure of public opinion, in the creation of which "The Sphere" largely assisted, to step in and preserve these Rabelaisian masterpieces. A special process was used to preserve them.

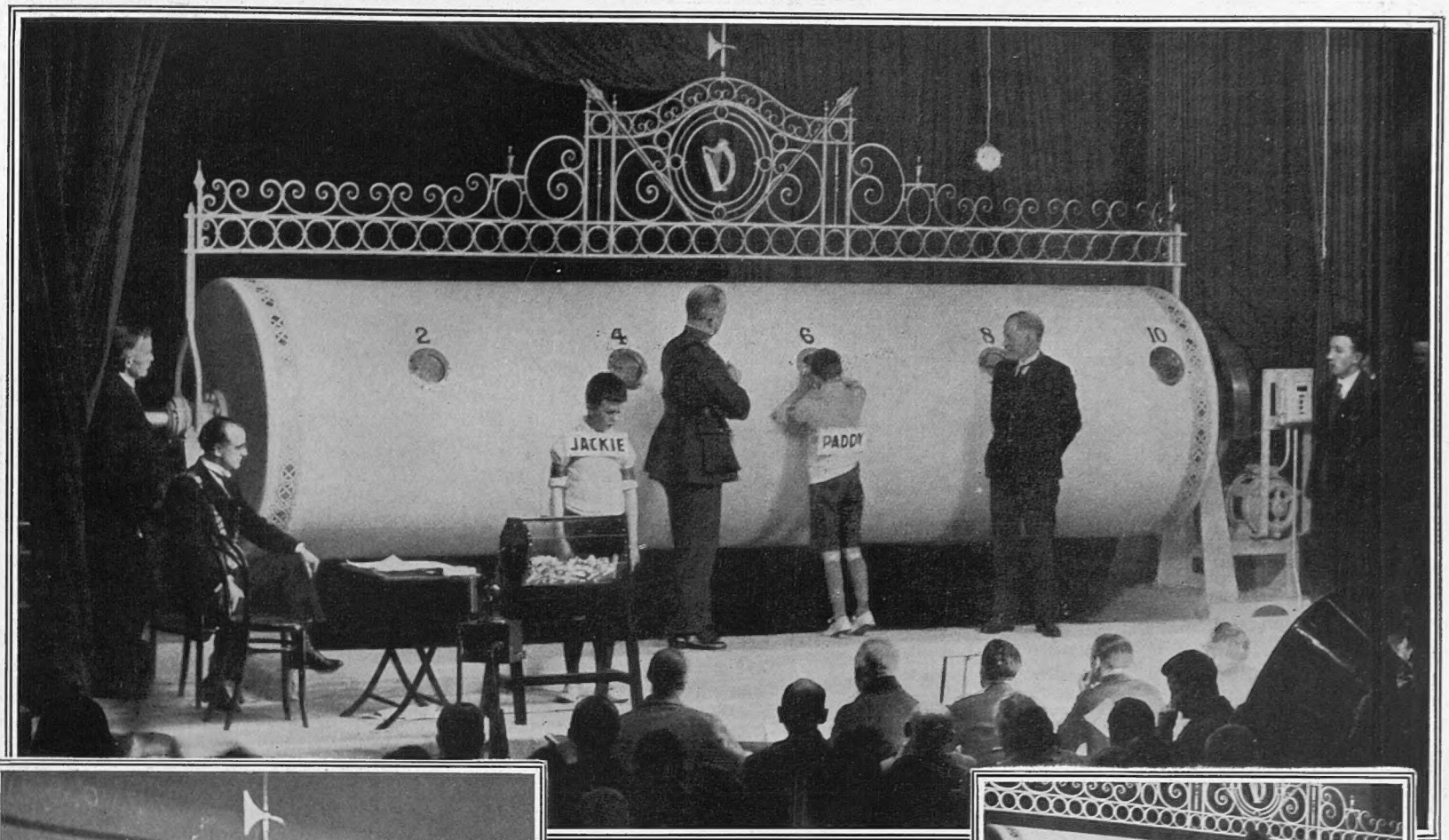
A very great interest has been aroused in the whole question of lotteries, sweepstakes, and premium bonds, by the success of the Irish Sweepstake arranged for the Manchester Handicap which is due to take place to-day. A big sum of money, amounting to over a hundred thousand pounds, has accrued to Irish hospitals. Why, say many people, headed by Mr. A. P. Herbert, should this not take place in this country. The hospitals of London need money; lotteries would provide it. The suggestion is looked upon very much as if the matter were an untried one, whereas, as a matter of fact, the lottery idea is not at all a new one to this country. In Tudor and Stuart times lotteries were popular in England, and were even promoted by the State as a source of revenue. But they proved so demoralizing and were associated with so much cheating that in 1802 all lotteries not authorized by Parliament were declared illegal. State lotteries were, however, not affected by this measure. In 1823 it was made an offence to sell any ticket or chance in an unauthorized lottery. Three years later, i.e. in 1826, even State lotteries were abolished by law.

A large number of old prints exist showing the various devices by which money was gathered together for both private and State lotteries. The private ones, as we have stated, were so scandalously conducted that they were replaced by authorized lotteries, and the advertisements all bear some kind of indication that the forthcoming trial of luck is a State lottery. One announcement, by Mr. T. Bish of Cornhill, bears the lines:

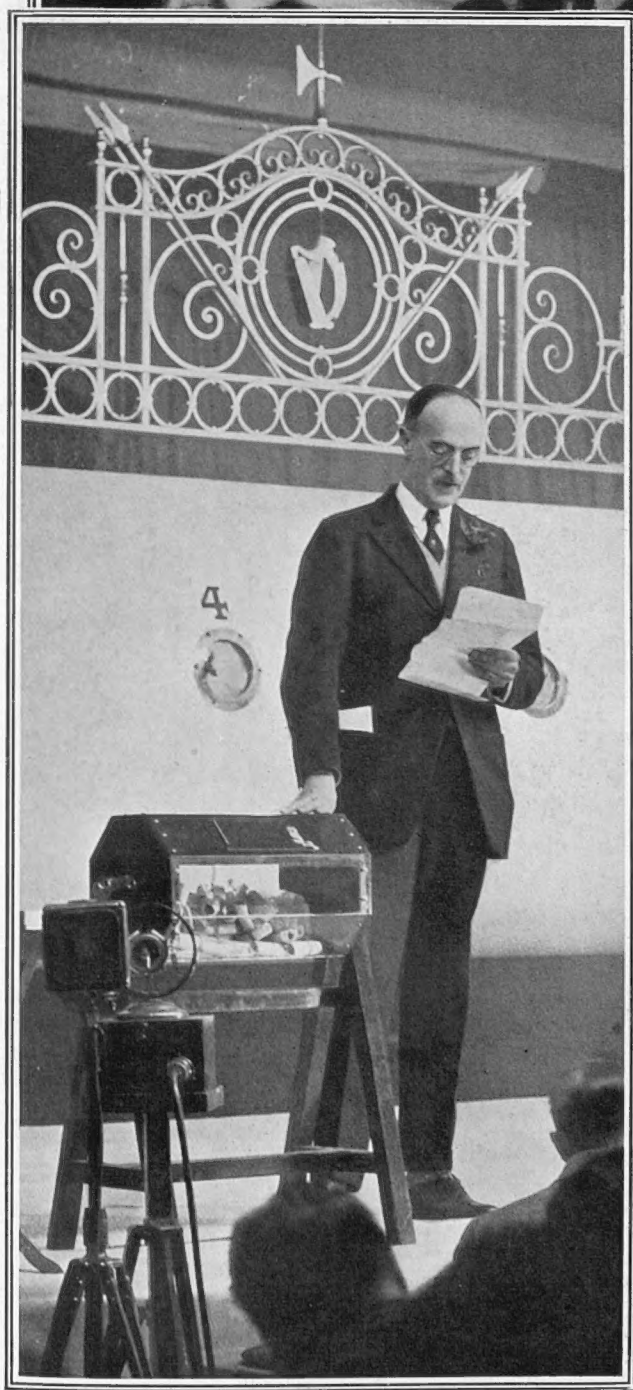
"Let's drink to Dame Fortune, the bountiful lass,
Who gives us the pleasures that flow from the glass;
With cash in our pockets, a fig for Old Care,
And the wealth of the Lottery may all of us share!"

The DRAW for the GREAT DUBLIN SWEEP

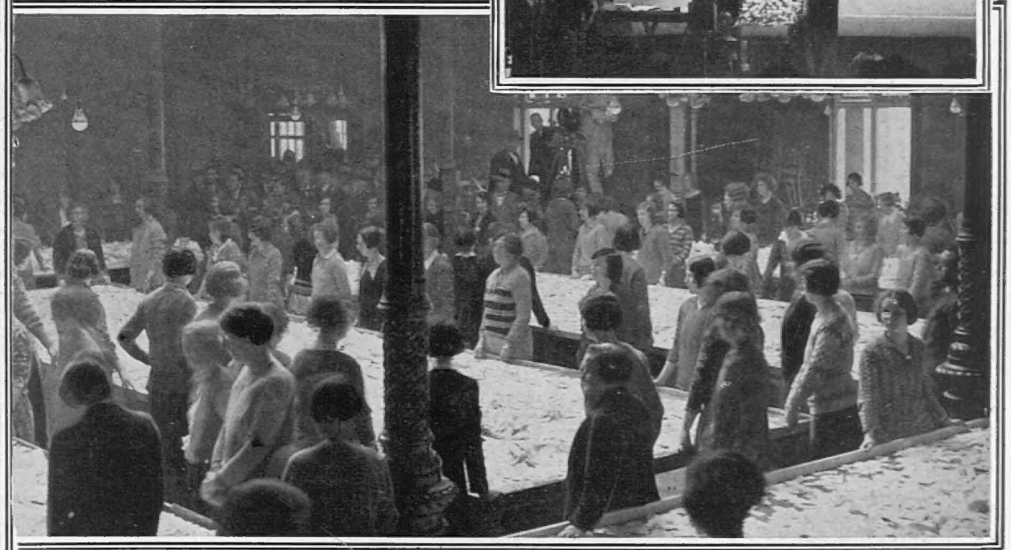
Smiles for the Few, Frowns for the Many, on Dame Fortune's Face



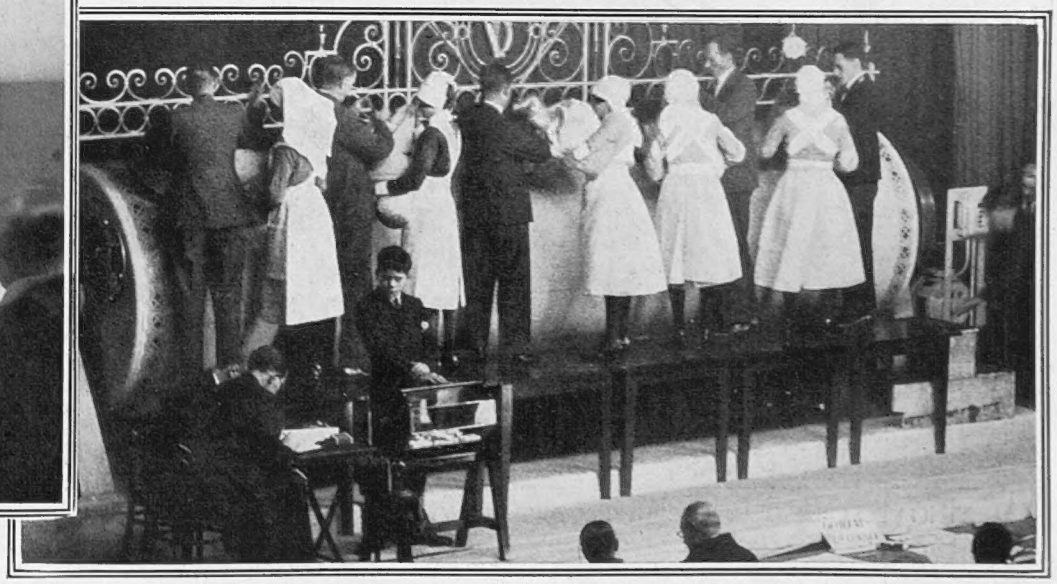
IN THE MANSION HOUSE: General O'Duffy (in uniform) awaits a counterfoil from blind Paddy, who is drawing from the big drum



LORD POWERSCOURT AT THE DRAW: In the presence of the Lord Mayor of Dublin and General O'Duffy the draw for the Irish Free State Hospitals' Sweepstake on the Manchester November Handicap took place at the Mansion House, Dublin. The ceremony was introduced by Lord Powerscourt

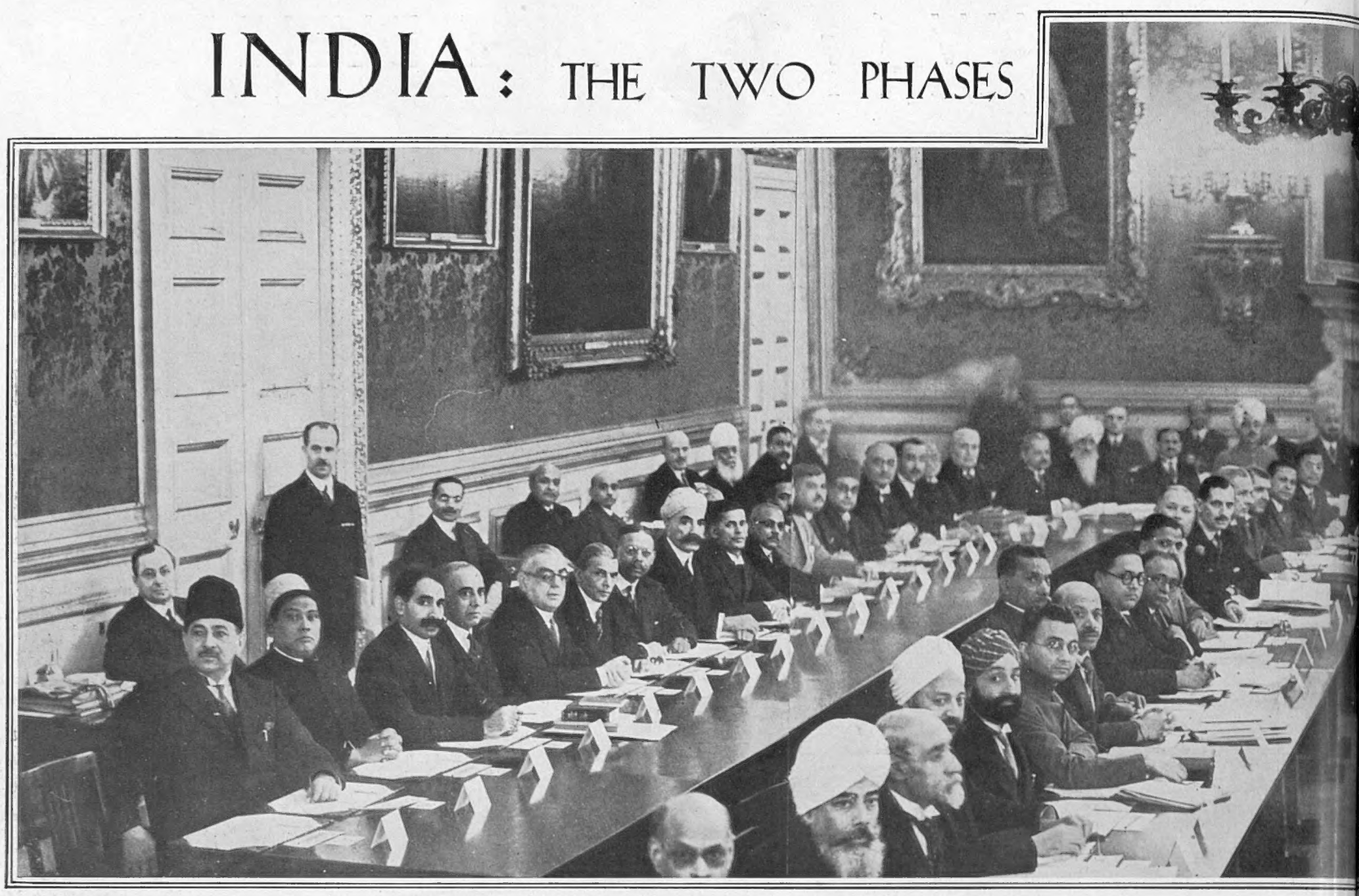


MIXING THE COUNTERFOILS: Previous to the actual draw from the great drum—a ceremony performed by four boys from St. Joseph's Blind Asylum, Dublin—the counterfoils were mixed up by female employees. Inset is one of the boys holding up a horse's name



THE COUNTERFOILS ARE PUT INTO THE HUGE DRUM: Nurses performed this task. Something of a sensation was caused by the Governmental veto on the sending through the post to Ireland of money for tickets—a policy logically essential under the extant gaming Acts of Great Britain

INDIA: THE TWO PHASES



THE FIRST SITTING OF THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE: The great assembly of statesmen, British and Indian, gathered at St. James's Palace to attempt to synthesize the good out of the many plans submitted for the benefit of India and the settlement of that country's many problems. The absence of Sir John Simon was almost a foregone conclusion in view of the report issued by the Simon Commission

FLYING BEFORE THE CHARGE OF THE POLICE: A scene during one of the almost daily riots in Bombay. The multitudinous crowds can be scattered only by judiciously forceful activity on the part of the *gendarmerie*, who charge with *lathis*

While the Round Table Conference is hoping great things in England, grave tidings are at hand from India. In Karachi European women were subjected to hideous indignities when Sir Frederick Sykes opened the Lloyd Quay. Shouting was followed by spitting and spitting by stoning. At Delhi 218 arrests were made; at Surat fifty arrests, and fifty injuries are reported.

EVEN INDIA'S WOMEN ARE MILIT
Indian unrest is the active part borne
kept completely in the background; bu
the "suffragette" movement is
and more in evidence in the most
sistance." Above, women volunteers
veto of the Police Comm

RAMPANT *at Home*; PEACEFUL *Abroad*

On the right *may be seen the Prime Minister,* ***to the right*** *of whom is Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Secretary of State for India, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary, while* ***to the left*** *are Lord Sankey, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Peel, the Marquess of Zetland, and, almost at the corner, the Marquess of Reading, ex-Viceroy of India. The figure in the starred turban is the Maharaja of Alwar, while the Maharajas of Patiala and Kashmir are in the centre.* ***On the left*** *in the foreground is the Aga Khan*

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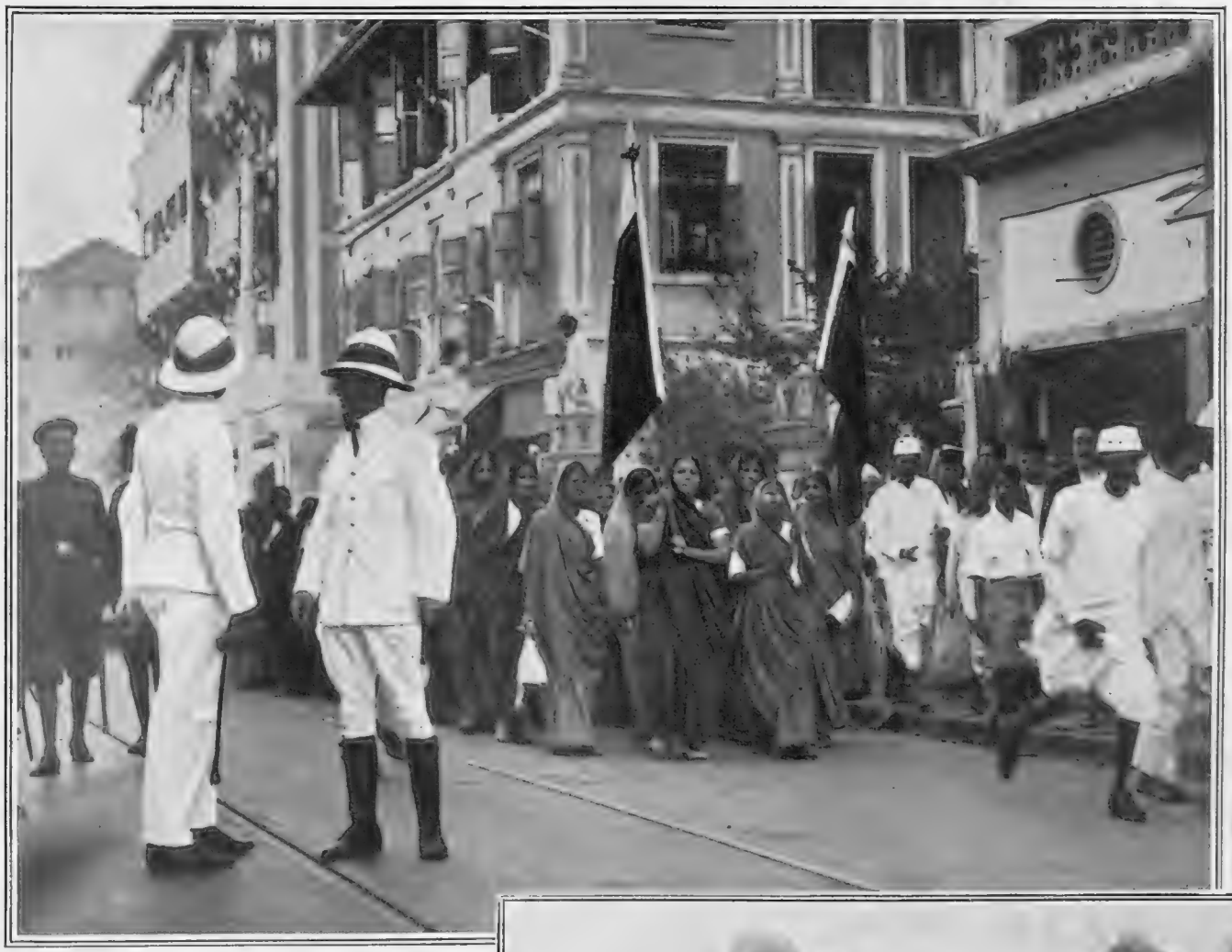
he Flag Salutation



"SUFFRAGETTES" IN BOMBAY: Women march in the procession organized by the Desh Sevika Sangh, one of the unlawful bodies in Bombay in sympathy with the Congress sufferers. *Inset on right* —WOMEN CHARGE IN BOMBAY STREETS: The usual programme of the Bombay War Council of Flag Salutation was suddenly stopped by orders of the Bombay Police Commissioner. The salutation was gone through with, however, and resulted in a *lathi* charge by the police. Women joined male volunteers of the Bombay Congress Committee

in an attempt to stop the police reaching the President as he hoisted the flag

A LAST LOOK ROUND

A BLIND V.C. AT THE CENOTAPH: Colonel Sir Beechcroft Towse chats to members of the Gordon Highlanders' Old Comrades' Association after laying their wreath on the great memorial in Whitehall which is still banked with flowers

CUBBING WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S: Lady Elizabeth Scott, daughter of the Earl of Dalkeith, at the last cubbing appointment of the season—at Prieston Quarry

SUPER CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN: Zobansky (kneeling), the Russian champion, and Athole Oakeley, captain of the British wrestling team which competed in the Internationals at Brussels, demonstrate at the London Sports Club, where exhibition bouts were given by foreign champions, including Mardock of Serbia

A BONFIRE IN HONOUR OF A DUKE'S BIRTHDAY: Hundreds of students and people from all over Oxfordshire went to Woodstock, Oxfordshire (where the great ducal seat, Blenheim, is situated, named for the first Duke's shattering victory in 1704), to wish long life to the Duke of Marlborough, who celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday last week. A huge bonfire was lit in the park of his palace in the evening, to which the students marched in procession with lighted torches. Above the Duke of Marlborough is seen with some of his guests holding torches outside his house at Woodstock

NICOTINE'S QUACENTENARY: To celebrate the introduction of the tobacco plant by Dr. Nicot (from whom the drug of tobacco derives its name) to Catherine de Medici, 400 years ago, two competitions were held in Paris—one for women, as to who could most gracefully smoke a cigarette; and one for men, as to who could keep a pipe alight the longest. Mlle Maud Lotti, winner of the ladies' competition, is seen above. Even her pet did not discommode her

EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (V)

Several More Years of Grace —Conclusion

By FERDINAND TUOHY

I am writing this final article on Armistice Day and with the Brussels morning papers principally discussing whether 6,000 Browning or Hotchkiss *fusile-mitrailleuse* should be placed on order. One, with a sharper bullet nose, can attain 750 metres per second. The papers also deride the Dutch charge that Belgium's new quadruple main lines and freshly-dug canals and perpetuation of the now famous new French "hat-box" system of fortifications are directed so that the next clash with Germany shall take place on Dutch soil in Limburg.

We are entering upon dramatic years in Europe, but it is my belief that for the moment the war-talking and war-writing have out-distanced possibilities or likely happenings. A good deal of this war-talk is being put about by people and newspapers, interested in armament firms. Nevertheless the almost light-hearted way in which much of the continental public canvasses the chances of a new war rather takes the breath away at times. There is no sign of any common protestation of horror, as might have been expected. Cynicism is in vogue. Even levity on occasion. In an Austrian train I heard: "And what will the French do with their million Italians when war breaks out? Intern the lot?" (In point of fact, this would be one of France's major problems, since among these *fuorosciti* must be lying fallow many spy-dynamiters with ultimate mission to wreck in rear of the French armies.) I have been trying to analyze this public attitude, and have concluded that a good deal of it may be due to a feeling on the part of the man-in-the-street that next time he will not be drawn into it. Many of us had this same feeling in 1914. Yet to-day it is so that Europe's war lords, the Duce, von Seeckt, and Weygand, do clearly suggest the desirability of a return to restricted, utterly reliable, expert forces, the recent incursion of democracy having very nearly ruined war. No more cumbersome national armies, with the Bolshevism they radiate, if they can be avoided. General Spears writes, "There will be no need of 'cannon-fodder.' War will be a matter of highly-trained experts in elaborate machines of destruction, fighting other experts in equally deadly machines over a wide area of ground." It is interesting, too, to note that Ludendorff thinks France and Italy will clash in South Germany in May, 1932, and that it will be all over in five weeks, with Weygand on top. The Italians, says L., besides being poor soldiers have no communications. But here he is in error; for long the Italians have been perfecting roads and railways all about the Brenner. However, to pick up with the main subject—

It looks as if we have several more years in which to seek to circumvent a conflagration which, whatever else its turnings, would inevitably lead to a Bolshevik overrunning of greater or lesser degree. This is the one point upon which close on unanimity prevails, the "Noes" being, of course, the Fascists and Nazis, who hold that their own discipline and order would result. During these years of grace the tortuous and infinitely disheartening disarmament effort will not cease the while armaments continue to pile up. During these years the dominant economic situation will undergo vast change though we cannot say how. During these years wisdom will be to temporize, to gain time.

Recently Mr. Chameleon Hearst advised us to "cut out of the squalid cat-fight." As if we could! Akin to inviting one town in Texas to ignore all the neighbouring towns! Relative distances would be about the same. Already England is cast to play a leading rôle in the times from now on. Besides piloting the attempt to curb armaments, England's special task will be patiently to massage French rigidity. None but ourselves, by virtue of our special situation, can undertake this ticklish business. But we should derive support from two quarters not to be underestimated. The democratic swing of the United States is bound to favour our European compromise policy. I represented the Wilson organ for years, and it is not possible that the Wilsonian tradition has lapsed. Moreover, "the seven lean years Uncle Sam seems in for after having had all the luck" (Boston correspondent writing) should also dispose Washington to be kindly and interested. There can be a silver lining even to depression *when it is general*. It chastens, moves people to fairer thinking. When it soon touches France a like effect may be discernible. We should remember that the sands will be shifting all the time in this fashion.

Our second co-worker of first consequence may be, unexpectedly, Czecho-Slovakia. Has the full significance of President Masaryk's recent pointing (when discussing Revision) to Hungary and the Polish Corridor as the chief dangers of the day, yet fully gone home? Czecho-Slovakia has acquired the reputation of being the most successful of the new countries, as it is by its constitution, statesmen, influence, the central position, the leading light of the Little Entente. In other words, the shades and hints emanating from Prague can hardly go unheeded in Paris. Prague may well develop into one of the pivots of Revision if and when this is to start evolving. The Hungary Masaryk was referring to has been made but too familiar in England. I shall not detain you. Out of 3,500,000 population passed to Czecho-Slovakia, 750,000 were Hungarians; of 5,200,000 passed to Rumania, 1,600,000; of 4,100,900 passed to Yugo-Slavia, 415,000; plus a further 200,000 Hungarians passed in other directions. Total, 3,000,000 Hungarians under foreign rule, a figure not disputed. More than Ireland's number during "the troubles." But the difficulty is that these absorbed Hungarians are strung out over territory peopled by a big non-Hungarian majority.

As regards Poland—which I meant writing about—this land of legendary liberty that has now somersaulted from long oppression into Junker jackboots, this sprawling organism that so invites a *mainmise*, this racial hotchpotch that has just gone through the farce of elections, the cardinal ill with Poland is that it lacks all unity. Financially and economially the country may be very badly hit, but what is incurable is the disintegration for ever sapping away Jews, Germans, Russians (White Ruthenians and Ukrainians), Lithuanians. No religious unity, no language unity. Separatism rife. Poles have a Pomeranian complex, and justly so. Also an East Prussian, a "Corridor" one. A deep uneasiness reigns on the Vistula. The window by the sea and the Silesian mines have not solved Poland's case.

Recently Hindenberg stood on the German side of the Corridor and saluted across to truncated East Prussia, his native province, ten or twenty miles away. All Germans have got this economically worthless strip of territory passionately in their hearts, as the French had their lost provinces for forty-four years. For one thing, the Corridor is so striking on the map. I would hazard that if a free vote were taken to-morrow at Geneva not more than three or four bulletins would be cast in favour of its full retention. M. Daszynski, Marshal of the Polish Diet, is evidently aware of this, for he says:

> "The Germans intend to put forward Article 19 of the Covenant which stipulates that 'the Assembly can from time to time invite the League to proceed to a fresh examination of treaties which may have become inapplicable, also of international situations the maintenance of which may jeopardize peace.' But that is merely a ruse. The Germans know that Article 19 can only become applicable by unanimity. And Poland will always vote against. The Germans are really fostering a sentiment favourable to their case when one day they place Poland in the position either of defending herself or of committing suicide."

Otherwise put, Poland will fight rather than cede the Corridor. Brave words on behalf of an army that, as an entity, has not known battle for a century-and-a-half! But is there no *via media?* Let us examine briefly:

The Poles were given fifty miles of German sea coast. They said that Dantzig would clasp them to its bosom; 99 per cent. of Dantzig didn't, so the Poles set about building an opposition port, Gdynia, thirteen miles away, with French money. This was in 1924, prior to which you may look in vain for Gdynia on the map. To-day Gdynia counts 42,000 inhabitants and plans are being laid for 100,000 a year or two ahead. When completed the port will have seven miles of docks. It has killed Dantzig. An astounding performance that beats even the Seattle phenomena of the War years. Quite patently the creators of this conjured-up seaport do not envisage it as part of East Prussia at all. Hand it back indeed! But now to my point. Gdynia was summoned up mainly to act as outlet for the Silesian basin. A railway is being laid from the one to the other. Two-thirds of it was completed yesterday. What is necessary to Poland is this railway and Gdynia. Is there any reason, therefore, why the Corridor should not be wiped out and a regime evolved similar to the Saar and Dantzig, by which a League of Nations personnel would keep the line open for Poland? We should all thus be guaranteeing Poland her outlet. At present she is guaranteed nothing. Admittedly the League Railway would not be eternal. But anything that lasts even ten years nowadays is a hundred times worth while.

It has been argued that there is no such thing as Revision machinery in existence—that as thirty-eight nations signed the Treaties, thirty-eight must alter them. It should not come to this foolishness. Perhaps the ideal would be for Italy, England, and France some day to get together with a view to determining what changes are practicable prior to negotiating with the countries concerned. Italy would readily assent to this. Mussolini may incite his young men to write him *billets doux* after this style:

> "The 104th battalion of Terni takes oath that its love of the rifle, its adoration of the machine gun, its remembrance of the dagger, have remained constant."

And he may teach his little Blackshirtlings to repeat obligatorially in the schools that "E stata l'Italia a vincere la guerra con la battaglia di Vittorio Veneto," but when it comes down to practical Treaty modification, behold a different Duce. The stumbling block, of course, is France.

General Smuts once said, "Peace must keep the door open to reform and to freedom and must not become an incubus on human progress," words which might well be hung in the Place Beauvau before Monsieur Tardieu who, every time he speaks, invites his audience to be of *bonne humeur*, he grinning broadly to give the measure. The French are about to live serious days, of choice and action. The refrain from Paris is known. "We are all pacifist, all for peace, to assert the contrary is a wicked lie!" People are apt to be pacifist when they have laid hands on everything they can ever hope to come by. The plain fact is that while professing peace, France is beckoning war by her rigidity. It is not a question of our having forgotten, of our being insensitive to France's invasion fear. It is that others are willing to take a risk for peace, and to give, and that France is not.

There are, however, three Frances in this matter, and it might be well to mention them. There is the reactionary Marin-Maginot Right which would cut in early and put paid to Germany's account once for all by slipping Weygand and his technical wonders off the leash. Legitimate occasion would offer when the Reich broke her undertakings by commencing to arm or fortify the Rhine zone (Brüning demands a similar demilitarized French zone, the southern portion of the new French defences being actually on the Rhine). Then there is the Centre-Left influence best personified in Paul-Boncour, and which says, "Security first, and before disarmament. Security via an international League force. It is far too early to start talking about Revision." Such poking about now would merely stir up smouldering embers into flame. The new countries must be given several more years trial as at present constituted. Arbitration may play one day, but not yet." Thirdly, there is the Socialist, Blum, who demands disarmament as the forerunner to security, but who does not stand a dog's chance. Socialists and Communists number 130 out of 615 deputies.

It is upon the France of Paul-Boncour that our hopes must repose. The French, of course, have a powerful case. They see hostility to them crystallizing on all sides. They are strong. Why on earth should they agree to weaken themselves to the condition of adversaries who would forthwith seize the equality to spring at them? It is not as if the Germans were making any bones about it. Why should France even think of cancelling reparations — although confessedly the best-off country on earth and with brand-new devastated regions—when she knows that such monies presented to Germany would find their way to von Seeckt? The French have no illusions concerning the phalanx that is forming. It isn't a question of so many deputies in Germany or Austria being returned in this or that group. (A case in point: the Austrian elections turned well for the Socialists because of a peculiarly advantageous rent system in Vienna). The whole collection is all out against the Treaties that afflict. And France knows it, and that it is merely a question of method. Ironically—indeed—France's main hope is Socialist Prussia!

Germany alone already has 450,000 trained men, mostly young, apart altogether from the Reichswehr (140,000 Steel Helmets, 100,000 Hitler Storm Battalions, 150,000 Schupos, 50,000 Jungdos). And France knows how von Seeckt is reputed to have arranged for war material from Russia, how the Reichswehr has cost quite inexplicable sums, how immense plant exists in Germany which can be turned to the emergency output of munitions and aircraft, how 300,000 are engaged in chemical factories. I expect, too, that French observers have been particularly struck (as I was) by the Jungdos, forming phalanxes of youth that will be hanged if it is going to be tied all its life by a treaty with which it had nothing to do. This Germanic youth is out to make what the French called *table rase*. A passionate creed. Enough that these growing boys and youths spent their childhood in want and humiliation, that whole sections were brought up *déclassé!* That is the raw meaning of Hitlerism; to break away and be free. Pay until 1988, forsooth! Not protect themselves as other countries do! This surge of Germanic Youth has also its mystical side. The Jugdos are groping after "a Third Empire, with some one as yet unknown to lead it, in the wake of the empires of Charlemagne and Bismarck."

(Continued on p. 388)

b

Royal Canadian Air Force

NORTHWARD HO! One of the endless waterways stretching into the north. This particular view shows Tar Sands, Clearwater, Alberta

A VAGABOND *in* NORTHERN SKIES

Soft Landings—and others—in Canada's Far North

By GEOFFREY D'EGVILLE

My ticket read "to any point to which a machine may be going," which, applied to the great expanse of northern Canada, suggested all sorts of possibilities.

"We'll pick you up at five o'clock in the morning," the voice at the other end of the line had said to me late one evening. At 4.15 a.m. sharp the telephone bell in my room at the Macdonald Hotel, Edmonton, Alberta, gave me a harsh reminder, and a moment later I cast a bleary eye over the still sleeping city. In the distance was the red glow of dawn; near to, a purple haze which gave the still blinking electric signs a dissipated appearance.

An hour later I was whirling along a road among flourishing farms to take my seat in a red monoplane bearing the royal arms, which was moored to a decrepit pier on the stillest body of water I have ever seen. The pilot regarded the scene, his heavy load, and the breezeless lake with disfavour.

Ahead of us lay a vast country, well-travelled as far as the 2,000 miles of waterways to the Arctic Ocean are concerned, but still containing immense stretches of the world's rapidly diminishing unknown.

From Edmonton, the 280-mile hop to Fort McMurray, the end of steel, is largely over agricultural land, becoming more and more sparsely settled as one goes northward. Even at 10,000 ft., with a gliding range of 10 miles, it is not the choicest country for flying seaplanes. For the 1,600 odd miles beyond and down to the Arctic—I say "down" because all the streams run northward—the mail run is over continuous waterways which, from the air, sweep along apparently without end and hour after hour.

At Fort McMurray, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers, is the last hotel having any pretensions as such for a distance of 800 miles. The next is at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, where guests are charged extra if they do not bring their own beds.

Fort McKay, on the Athabaska, is not a stopping place, so that the next hop takes one to Fort Chipewyan, a rambling settlement on the shores of Lake Athabaska, whence it is a short ninety-mile stretch to Fort Fitzgerald on the Slave River. This was our stopping place on the first night.

Here is the end of, or rather an interruption to, navigation, necessitated by a 16-mile portage to avoid the rapids. At the other end, just across latitude 60 north lies Fort Smith, capital of the North-West Territories. Next morning we passed over the regular lines of the Hudson Bay Company's post there, with its neat white railings, and thundered onward towards Great Slave Lake.

At Fort Resolution, whose white houses we could see gleaming in the sun from afar, our progress was temporarily checked. At the moment of landing the pilot was hailed from the shore, and told of an Indian who had been brought into the settlement in a terrible condition. Accidentally shot by a companion in mistake for a moose, he had been six days in a canoe, gangrene had set in, and his condition demanded more skilled medical attention than the post could offer.

This was one of the cases in which even His Majesty's mails must take second place. They were promptly unloaded on the wharf, and a few minutes later the wounded Indian had been loaded in the machine on a stretcher, and the pilot turned about, flying the 650 miles back to Edmonton in 5½ hours.

A few hours later another machine landed, picked up the mails and took me along the shore of Great Slave Lake to Hay River and Fort Providence, in the Mackenzie River, and back again to Hay River at dusk.

There's a happy-go-lucky, take-life-as-it-comes air about flying in the north. One sleeps where one happens to be when it is too dark to continue flying, and one great thing to remember is: everytime you see a chance of a square meal take it! The Lord alone knows when the next one will be.

At night you may find yourself the guest of the Hudson's Bay Company or of northern traders, whose trading posts are scattered throughout the north; you may sleep on the veranda of a Royal Canadian Mounted Police post, with the aurora borealis flaming overhead, or at a mission, a hospital, a wireless station, in the 'plane itself—or, best of all, on the soft spruce boughs in the tent of a Government survey party. All these and many more strange "dosses" were my lot in the course of 5,000 miles of flying in the north last summer.

The northener has a vague fatalistic air about him. A Hudson's Bay factor asked the price of an article in his store will say: "Oh, about eight dollars, I guess!" On the post-office door at Fort Resolution is a printed notice:

"Mail Arriving at this Point is Due as Follows:
From —— Date ——"

And some humorist has scribbled in the first and second columns the words "Somewhere" and "Sometime." A gross libel on the excellent mail service now provided, but typical of the north. Nothing is expected until the roar of a 'plane sends sleepy postmasters scurrying about their business, and shouts of "aeroplane" are heard where a year or two ago people scurried out of their houses calling "boat!"

Air travel has revolutionized the north in many ways. I met an aircraft mechanic who was studying for his commercial pilot's "ticket." Only two years ago he was "mushing" it with dog-teams carrying the mail from McMurray to Fort Smith, a distance of 240 miles by river, the journey occupying five to seven days, and with horses ten days or more. The air mail machines cover the same distance in a trifle over two hours.

An Indian agent, whose business is to pay out the annual treaty money and generally care for the native, gave me some interesting figures at Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake. To visit Hay River and Fort Providence in the Mackenzie River under the old conditions involved a strenuous trip of from fifteen to eighteen days, and cost the Government approximately 400 dollars. By air he can reach Hay River in forty minutes, spend two hours there, hop over the lake to Fort Providence, transact his business, and return the same evening to Fort Resolution in time for dinner at a total cost of 150 dollars.

Prospectors and trappers, who formerly travelled by canoe or dog-sleigh, now transport their supplies and themselves by air. There is no point in the north, offering a reasonable chance of a soft landing, and within easy cruising range of a petrol *cache*, where a machine may not be chartered to go. One machine was chartered last summer by the Canadian Government to visit the magnetic pole and to engage in a search of relics of the ill-fated Franklin expedition of a hundred years ago.

The winter air-mail route lies over 1,600 miles of snow and frozen rivers, from Fort McMurray, down the Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers, beyond the Arctic Circle to Aklavik, a stone's throw, comparatively speaking, from the Arctic Ocean. Some idea may be gained of exactly what this means to the trading posts of the far north when it is considered that up to two years ago the winter mail from post to post occupied six weeks to two months before it reached Aklavik. Often the Christmas mails for the most northerly posts reached their destinaton in February, and Christmas parcels sometimes only by the first boat in the following June or July. Last year most of the posts received all their mail by Christmas, only the most northerly posts receiving theirs two days late on account of delays caused by the weather and abnormal loads.

The first Christmas air mail involved 5,000 miles of flying by each of the two machines which completed the whole route. It entailed much discomfort and some risk owing to the rough ice and bad visibility. Temperatures of 50 or 60 below zero were a common experience, and every night the machines had to be jacked up to prevent the skis from freezing in the snow, and every morning brought hours of labour warming up the engines with the aid of blow torches.

The northern pilot has many woes, but life has its pleasant interludes. One of the most delightful evenings I spent last summer was on a journey with a pilot to a small lake north of Lake Athabaska to pick up a Government survey party of two men and move them with their canoe, tent, and supplies to another point. They had seen no other faces than each other's all the summer, and the sudden descent from the skies of our small party was an occasion for real celebration, and the night spent in camp by that placid lake is just one of those casual happenings in life that one looks back on with delight.

On another trip and another day we again found a few northerners still not too blasé to hail a 'plane with delight. That was on the first official air mail to Fort Rae in the north arm of Great Slave Lake. This lake, 300 miles by 160, is frequently swept by the wind into a fury which makes landing in a seaplane out of the question. On the morning of our visit—it had been another case of "up at the crack of dawn," as we had 800 miles or more to cover and many calls to make—the lake was still and the sun shining. We had a Government geologist aboard and made a flight up the Yellowknife River that he might inspect some mineral claims staked there earlier in the season. Here one is almost on the edge of the Barren Lands, that treeless waste which is occupying the attention of many companies seeking precious metal.

Of the many landings—soft and otherwise—there will always remain with me one which followed a difficult crossing of some mountains from the Liard River to Dead Man's Valley in the South Nahanni River. After the usual floundering about between six and ten thousand feet in search of a gap in the clouds we sighted our valley into which some ambitious hunters had been previously flown. There were no other white men in the country—in fact it was always considered an unhealthy spot for whites in the days when few ever returned from it.

The pilot was taking no unnecessary chances, as we again had a canoe lashed to our starboard pontoon, and he had a right to expect that someone would have the sense to light a smudge (smoke fire) so that the direction of the ground wind could be seen from the air. This was not done and we landed into an entirely unsuspected wind blowing downstream in the extremely fast current of this rocky river. After landing, which gave us the surprise of our life, the wind caught the canoe and turned the machine round, facing downstream and away from camp.

Unable to turn in the narrow river because of the wind, the pilot bawled something in my ear, and the other passenger and I leaped on the pontoon to free the canoe. He jumped in and I threw him two paddles and away he went downstream. Meanwhile I held the side doors open alternately to aid in steering, as the pilot tried turning first one way then the other, still baulked each time by the wind and the river banks. We were then faced with the prospect of going over rapids into the canyon and chose the alternative of beaching her in the mouth of a creek. After the ominous crunching sound of the pontoon travelling over stones, which meant a possible delay of weeks, we almost leaped with joy to find every compartment of the floats dry. A few moments later the third man came ashore close by, when it was merely a matter of driving stakes and mooring her for the night and returning upstream with the canoe and "kicker" to camp.

There are many disconnected impressions one brings from the north apart from amazement at finding people who will cheerfully pay 2s. for a loaf of bread and 12s. 6d. a gallon for petrol. But to me the lasting impression will always be that wide majestic river sweeping ever onward for hundreds of miles on hundreds of miles, and to think of it is again to hear the steady drone of the dear old kite that carried me for hour after hour.

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

The News from Abroad in Pictures

CELEBRATIONS OF GREEK FREEDOM: The scene in Salonica when the comitadjis and the veterans of the Turkish War of 1912 assembled at the church of St. Sofia, formerly a Turkish mosque, during the anniversary celebrations

THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN RECEIVES: H.H. Nadir Khan greets the diplomats assembled in Kabul for the ceremonies attendant on his recent coronation

A WANDERING PRIEST OF ETHIOPIA: His life varies between a hermit's existence in a sacred mountain and a pilgrim's strenuous occupation, walking to Axum, the seat of the Monastic Church. He reads the Scriptures in ancient Geez in return for the hospitality of the peasantry

HUNGARIAN: The opening of the new University in Szeged. Students, peasants, and notables, in the gorgeous costumes indigenous to the Magyar plains, listen to the address by Dr. Gyula Glattfelder. Even in so conservative a land as that once ruled by the Habsburgs, the microphone is to be seen at all formal functions. *Inset on right* is a view of the band of the Royal Bodyguard of Afghanistan playing during the march past of the garrison of Kabul during the coronation ceremonies of H.H. Nadir Khan, now the *de jure* as he is the *de facto* ruler of the country. The central inset picture shows Nadir Khan reading his proclamation to his people from a dais emblazoned with arms. As in conservative Hungary, so in primitive Afghanistan, the microphone plays its part. This innovation may be accounted for righteousness to Amanullah, the ex-Amir, whose passion for reform and modernization caused his downfall

RAYS *for* PLANTS

The Latest Development in Scientific Agriculture

HERR FRITZ HILDEBRAND

ONE PEST TRAINED TO KILL ANOTHER: Rows of boxes containing germinating potatoes in the lady-bug insectarium of Los Angeles. The mealy-bug, the foe of the citrus grower, is let loose on these potato shoots to feed. Later the potato-bugs are turned loose and are fattened on the mealy-bugs until they become mature, when they are placed in capsules and shipped to citrus growers to cope with their enemies

ONE PLANT ABOVE ANOTHER: Cress above and turnip-cabbage below under ray treatment in Germany. On left are plants whose seeds were not treated, and on right those that were given rays for fifteen seconds

TOMATOES OF THREE MONTHS' GROWTH: The plants to right and left had ray treatment, that in the centre had not

A Berlin physicist—Fritz Hildebrand—has succeeded in obtaining wonderful results in his experiments with seeds which have been subjected to rays of light, and has proved that by putting the seeds under light for a single period of about fifteen seconds, he has been able to shorten the time of ripening. The ripening period of plants is shortened by half the usual time, and thus there is the possibility of two harvests a year

A GARDEN OF LIGHT IN A CELLAR: The King and Queen recently visited a cellar at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, where Viscount and Viscountess Fitzalan have a wonderful underground garden. By means of two ultra-violet ray lamps and a floor specially prepared with soil and fertilizers, flowers and fruit are grown to perfection in a remarkably short space of time. The cellar is kept at a moderate temperature, and the flowers and fruit are seldom given more than eight hours a day of the ultra-violet rays. Above is Mr. Ferris, the head gardener, adjusting one of the lamps over a cluster of auratum lilies

RESURRECTION and RESTORATION

THE BEAUTY OF MATURITY: One of the more subtle of the statues excavated at Cos. On the right is the statue of an Hellenistic poet in an attitude conjectured as oratorical. Cos was in ancient days a centre of art and letters and flourished greatly in the Hellenistic era

OF THE IMPERIAL PERIOD: One of the statues found at Cos, a treasury of Hellenistic, Roman, and other art, and the centre of the Realist school

BEFORE AND AFTER: The Doria Palace at Genoa, which has been restored

A TREASURE FROM COS: The more than life-size statue of a woman draped in silk through which appear the folds of the *chiton*

The Doria Palace at Genoa had fallen from its greatness into a sad state of squalor but the Podesta of Genoa determined to commemorate the fourth centenary of the oligarchic constitution given to the town by Admiral Andrea Doria, by restoring the house that, in 1528, had been given to the great Admiral by the State. The work of restoration has been carried out by Professor Orlando Grosso. . . . A few months ago, when working on the excavations of the Roman Odeion at Cos, Professor Laurensich came upon a most extraordinary sight. As a trench was cut, he says, a row of marble heads appeared, all facing him, and as these heads had been covered up for so many centuries they had lost the dead white of the marble and looked like living people, glad to see the light of day. "I cannot believe," he added, "that any work of art has ever appeared so profoundly human as these faces turned towards the man who found them." When all the figures had been uncovered and examined, Professor Laurensich found them to be of exceptional importance. They are, he tells us, larger than life-size and were not found here and there in different parts of the building but huddled together in the space of a few square yards. The statues are of a multitude of different periods.

Y. M.

DOWN in a SUBMARINE with a SASHA

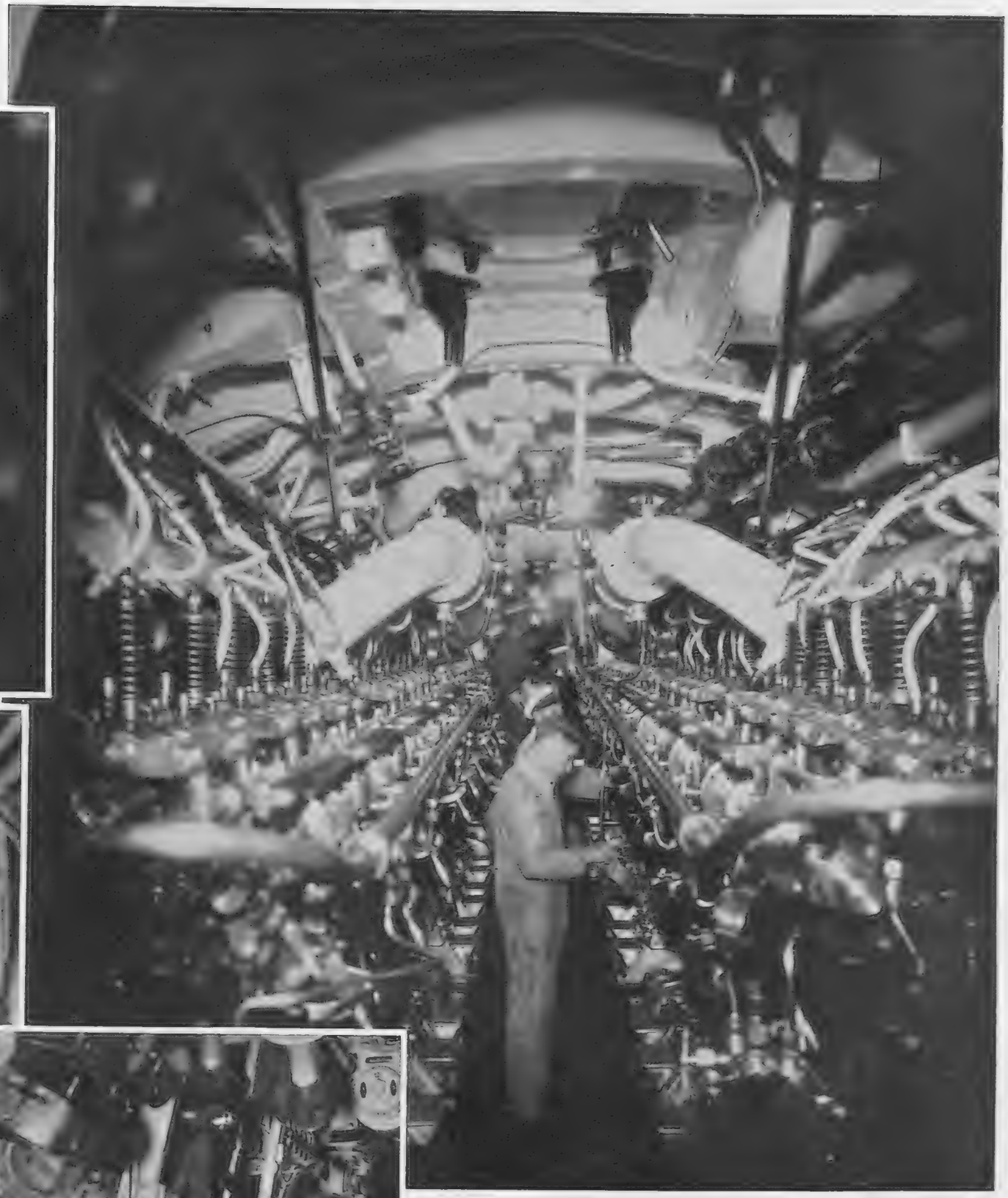
CONTROLLING THE DEPTH OF THE SUBMARINE: This rating sits close by the side of the captain at the periscope. He controls the hydroplanes with this wheel; an auxiliary electric-motor gives the actual power which operates the fins

BLOWING OUT THE MAIN TANKS: This operation consists in blowing out the water ballast by means of compressed air stored in the submarine in special chambers

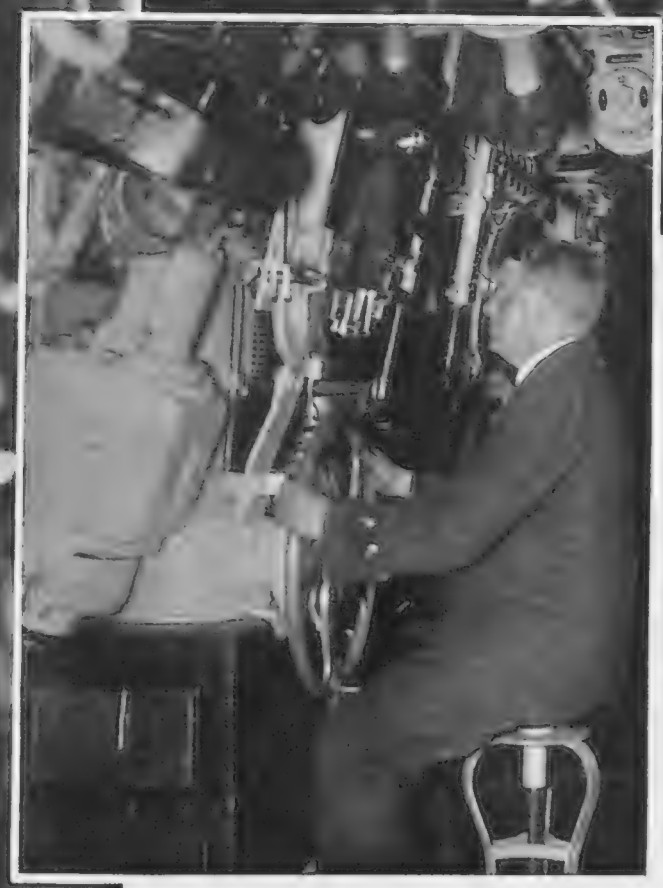
THE CAPTAIN AT THE PERISCOPE: The for a little lens orifice an inch or so in d

I had heard a good deal about submarines now and again, as I suppose everyone has, before I visited the particular one which I here illustrate by means of the Sashalite. I had obtained permission to photo all parts of a submarine with this new form of flashlight, and it was in Portsmouth dockyard that I saw her long grey upper works awaiting my visit. I was received at the dockside by a hearty bronzed rating, and walking across a little slender gangway found myself on the steel deck of the submarine, and close to a circular manhole, if one may dare to call the hatch by such a land-lubber's term. It took little time to clamber down into the abdominal regions which constitute the interior of a submarine—but there is this difference between a submarine and any other living organism, that every part of the mechanism, every nerve and muscle, is exposed to view. It is just as if one could see the heart, the lungs, the aorta, and the liver all at work. The transition is astonishing. Outside there are the sheer curving lines of the hull with little, if anything, to break them. With the sanction of the captain I proceeded to record a rating controlling the depths at which a vessel would ride at sea. He posed for me in the correct position, for of course we were all the time moored alongside the dockyard wall; the resulting picture, I think, shows more clearly than others that I took, the mass of detail which each particular man has to watch. Without this subdivision of labour the control of this mass of mechanism would be impossible. As he works the steering wheel in front of him the indicator needle moves—40, 50, 60, 70—the depth is indicated in feet on the big dial immediately above his head. He can switch on little lamps and others glow occasionally round him. There are speaking-tubes in close proximity. [illegible] is at the level of his mouth. Above [illegible] head is one of the numerous little auxi[illegible] motors. Your knife and fork are not acte[illegible]

LITE



THE ASTONISHING PERSPECTIVE OF A SUBMARINE'S ENGINE-ROOM: The two 12-cylinder Diesel engines present an astonishing sight to the eye. Apparently the coil springs and cylinder heads go on to infinity. Actually they are converging towards the stern. All the pictures given here have been rendered possible by the use of the Sashalite which produces a brilliant flash without danger of causing an explosion



AT ANOTHER CONTROL BY THE CAPTAIN'S SIDE: This rating also is seated near the captain and helps in the control of the underwater position of the submarine by means of rudder and hydroplanes

...d when below the surface save ...e is a periscopic vision

...ised for you by electrical power, but every-...ing else on the submarine, including the ...ender periscope, seems to be worked in this ...ay. You touch a lever or a handle and this sets in motion an auxiliary motor much more powerful than yourself, which exerts the force to move a rudder or alter the angle of a hydroplane. This depth-controller sits quite close to the captain when he is stationed at the periscope. It was in this position that I secured the next picture, which shows the captain himself with both hands upraised and grasping the control bar. He gazes through lenses at right angles to the main shaft of the periscope. Through them he sees a fairly clear view of the surroundings, but the image received on the retina is curiously fined down, and one can easily appreciate the fact that in dark or misty weather the efficiency of the periscope becomes rapidly reduced. Over the captain's head is a cobweb of pipes and tubes—an inelegant but essential feature of the submarine's interior, for so great is the amount of mechanism within the hull that it has to be packed away along the sides, over one's head, and under one's feet. Only in the actual living spaces is it at all thinned away. When I was told to advance to the ward-room I bit completely over this usually comfortable portion of a vessel and found myself instead in the clattering interior of the engine-room. I had passed what seemed to me about a couple of feet of padded seating, but the cheery officers and crew of a British submarine seemed not to worry at all about these things. The engine-room galleyway in which I found myself was lined on each side with a fantastic perspective of the cylinders of two twelve-cylinder Diesel engines, each developing 1,200 h.p. Then there were the torpedo tubes to be seen and photographed. Through lozenge-shaped openings in a steel dividing wall one could perceive the shining butt ends of the torpedo tubes—they are all arranged in couples. There is intricate mechanism for adjusting the weight of the submarine immediately after the discharge of a heavy torpedo. I also witnessed others of the crew starting the mechanism for blowing out the main ballast tanks—a great quantity of compressed air is stored away within the hull and, on some dramatic occasions, it has been the means by which the conning-tower hatch of a submerged submarine has been blown upwards. This was the case of the *K 13* which sank in the Gareloch during the War (see note on later page). Life when cruising is, of course, a strange and unusual business to a landsman. The interior of the submarine is brilliantly lit with electric lights and the air is not noticeably stuffy but probably enough to make the interlude of exercise on the deck a welcome respite. There are, of course, some wonderful moments for the eye that can see them when at the sunset hour the submarine is travelling at leisurely pace in a quiet sea. Then the wrack of gold and purple on sky and water will be seen from a view-point not granted to the ordinary man.

WORK AND PLAY ON THE "DO X". Lady Drummond-Hay, "The Sphere's" special international correspondent, enjoys typing out an article for this journal on board the great German flying-boat on which she is travelling to the U.S.A

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

A STATIC EARTH.—The "human circulation" in the social, political, and economic "veins" of the surface of the earth, has all but ceased. That circulation contributed to the spread of civilization, the growth of culture and the development of nations, as does the circulation of blood to the health of the human body.

Since the dawn of history, the migrations of peoples, warlike or peaceful, have again and again influenced the destiny of nations, and changed the map of the world. Like the sun, their trend has mostly been from East to West

Those migrations—that circulation of humanity—has ceased. Within the last few years emigration has practically been stopped artificially. That is, by drastic immigration laws. Nation after nation has raised "dams" at its borders to reduce the flow of emigrants, or to hold back that stream entirely. Interference with the natural circulation of the blood in the human body often results in congestion, that in turn can bring on inflammation. And inflammation means fever.

The world is sick. It is sick socially, politically, economically, to an extent never before experienced. It is a singular fact that this condition has grown worse, rapidly been intensified since the practical cessation of migration, which to-day is emigration and immigration.

The United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, whose very history is the history of the migration of peoples from Europe, have virtually closed their entrance gateways. In America only a tiny stream is allowed to trickle in.

Mexico, Brazil, Argentine, Chile, with vast regions sparsely populated and capable of development, have so increased the economic requirements for entrance, that relatively few immigrants can comply with them. Their histories, too, their social and cultural as well as economic development, are built upon migrations.

India is so congested that not even the frugal, abstemious Chinese can get a toe-hold. Japan is ready to burst. China, like an irresistible lava flow, is trickling over into Siam in one direction, Siberia in the other.

The only real migration of the last decade, was that of about 2,000,000 Chinese into Manchuria, which after all is a part of China.

Almost insurmountable difficulties have been placed in the way of Egypt's growing population migrating to the Sudan. Turkey, with its population decimated by years of wars, has virtually barred all alien immigrants. Greece is choked with its own people driven out of Turkey. Aliens may not obtain work in England. Passport visas to some of the European countries include the provision "Without right to accept employment."

The movement of dollars, pounds sterling, marks and francs, has not succeeded in replacing the movement of peoples, as the economic depression all over the world proves.

It would be interesting to know what relation this stoppage of "human circulation" may have to the social, economic, and political sicknesses of the world to-day. In the human body disease is more often due to "poor circulation" than poor circulation being caused by disease. Can the same be true of the body politic, social, and economic of the world?

A SHIP OF TWO WORLDS.—The passing romance of the sea, neglect to maintain the "sea-sense" which made England great, the disappearance of the old-type "sea-dog," ousted by a race of mechanics equipped to modern methods, is closing the traditional national path of Adventure to the sons of Britain.

Lord Beatty recently expressed himself to that effect. His words found echo round the British coast, from seaport to tiny fishing village. The sea no longer offers its former irresistible lure to boys who "run away from home." They drift into the towns, for the main part, to be caught in the grind of industrialization's monotonous wheels.

Captain T. Heard of the *Shamrock*, however, declares that the sea-loving hearts of Britain's men and boys have not changed. Only that the former opportunities for an ocean-career are lacking. Steam has replaced sails, engineers, and mechanics, the "old salt" and runaway cabin-boy.

Came the Air into Romance with the end of the War. The flights of Lindbergh, Cobham, Lady Heath, Amelia Earhart, Kingsford-Smith and others. Now lures the fascinating union of sea and air, to create another outlet for the imaginations and activities of adventure-loving youth, translatable into practical careers.

I sat in the pilot-house of the Dornier *Do X*, in Calshot with the first Captain of the world's first "flying-ship," after having flown with thirty-six people from Amsterdam, in a winged metal mass of more than fifty tons. It was the beginning of another pioneer flight in a pioneer craft.

Captain Friedrich Christiansen, unique combination of flying-ace and sea-skipper, remarked to me, "This is a new craft. It belongs to the sea and to the air. On the water it must be a strong, seaworthy ship, and in the air, an airworthy 'plane that flies with wings and motors. And just as it is different from all other aircraft, so do I find that it calls for a new category of men, whom I might call 'air-mariners' They must know about the ships—the sea. About 'planes and the air. It was difficult even for some members of my present crew to realize that the *Do X* is something entirely new on the sea, and in the air, that it is both a ship and a 'plane."

"Pilots on land or seaplanes step in, start the motors, take the controls, are off, without much bother about the 'plane which has been made ready by others. They step out when they land at their destination, and again leave the 'plane to others. On the *Do X* they now learn that we must have the routine of a 'plane when in the air, and the duties of officers and crew of a ship when at anchor. There is as yet no regular hangar for the *Do X*; except for repairs it must be moored to a buoy, or it drops its own 380 lb. anchor.

"There must be an officer of the watch on duty at all times, the same as on a steamer. We have to keep a look-out against being damaged by the shoals of motor-boats always around us when at anchor. There must be a member of the crew to help people on or off, since we have no gang-plank. The two pilots are in effect first and second officers. At present these are Flight-Captain Horst Merz of the Lufthansa, and Lieutenant Clarence H. Schildhauer of the American Navy. The engineers are always busy cleaning up their engines, or looking after the instruments in the engine-room when at anchor. I personally have not been off the *Do X* since I went on board at Altenrhein on November 5."

Captain Christiansen expressed the belief that the *Do X* is the beginning of what might be called an "Airine," or "Air-marine," bringing with it new fields of adventure and romance.

A BARBER IN CHARGE.—Eidon S. Khevidin, a former Russian barber, has shown such administrative, financial, and directive genius that the Soviet Government has made him director-general controlling the spending of 900,000,000 roubles appropriated by the Five Year Plan to build five new cities in the industrial department of Stalingrad.

When the Bolshevik Revolution came Khevidin was just beginning a career of shaving beards and cutting hair. The Revolution swept him into the Red Army and carried him on its Red crest to the rank of General. Seven times wounded and the loss of one lung marks his record.

A little man of thirty-five years, wearing big horn-rimmed spectacles, gentle-mannered, of extraordinary composure, he has one of the most responsible constructive jobs in the Five Year Plan. That is, the industrialization of Stalingrad. Khevidin, though always in his Red Army uniform, looks very much like a school-master, and talks with that same gentle but firm insistence. Out of the dry figures of the programme and plan before him arises a fantastic industrial city and social paradise.

Stalingrad, according to plan, is to consist of five industrial cities. The present old town, formerly known as "Tzaritzin," is to be pulled down and to disappear In its place a new central city with the most modern cultural improvements and achievements—a veritable American city.

There will be the "metallurgical city," of which the gigantic new tractor, automobile, and machine plant, Traktirstroy, will be only one section. There is to be a "lumber city," where the manufacture of everything wood will be concentrated. A "chemical city" with plants for agriculture, industry, and medicine, and then a large "shipbuilding city."

Architects and engineers have been drawn from several countries. Americans are preferred because of their energy, speed, and drive in work, and their practical tendencies. There are many Germans, too, but only a few British. There is already a colony of American specialists said to number 200 who have brought their families with them. It is a pioneer life recalling the American West in the 'sixties and the 'seventies, and the settlers in Australia.

In one year Stalingrad has grown from a population that had dwindled to 189,000, to 312,000. Within three years it is expected to reach the 700,000 figure. All this to be the work of an ex-barber in a country believed to be bankrupt and internationally ostracized.

Contrasted with the other tales—those of hunger, misery, and terrible conditions—it all seems rather like a mirage, as General Khevidin talks. But you cannot help discovering the wish in your heart that we had some such clearly defined goal at home and something of that vitality, a live faith in ourselves behind it.

A MERITED CANONIZATION.—A postman in Japan has been acclaimed "Saint." Not for any particular ritual of piety or miracle-performing, but because one kindly thought a day has built a monument of security and protection for travellers and little children treading the path of his dangerous round.

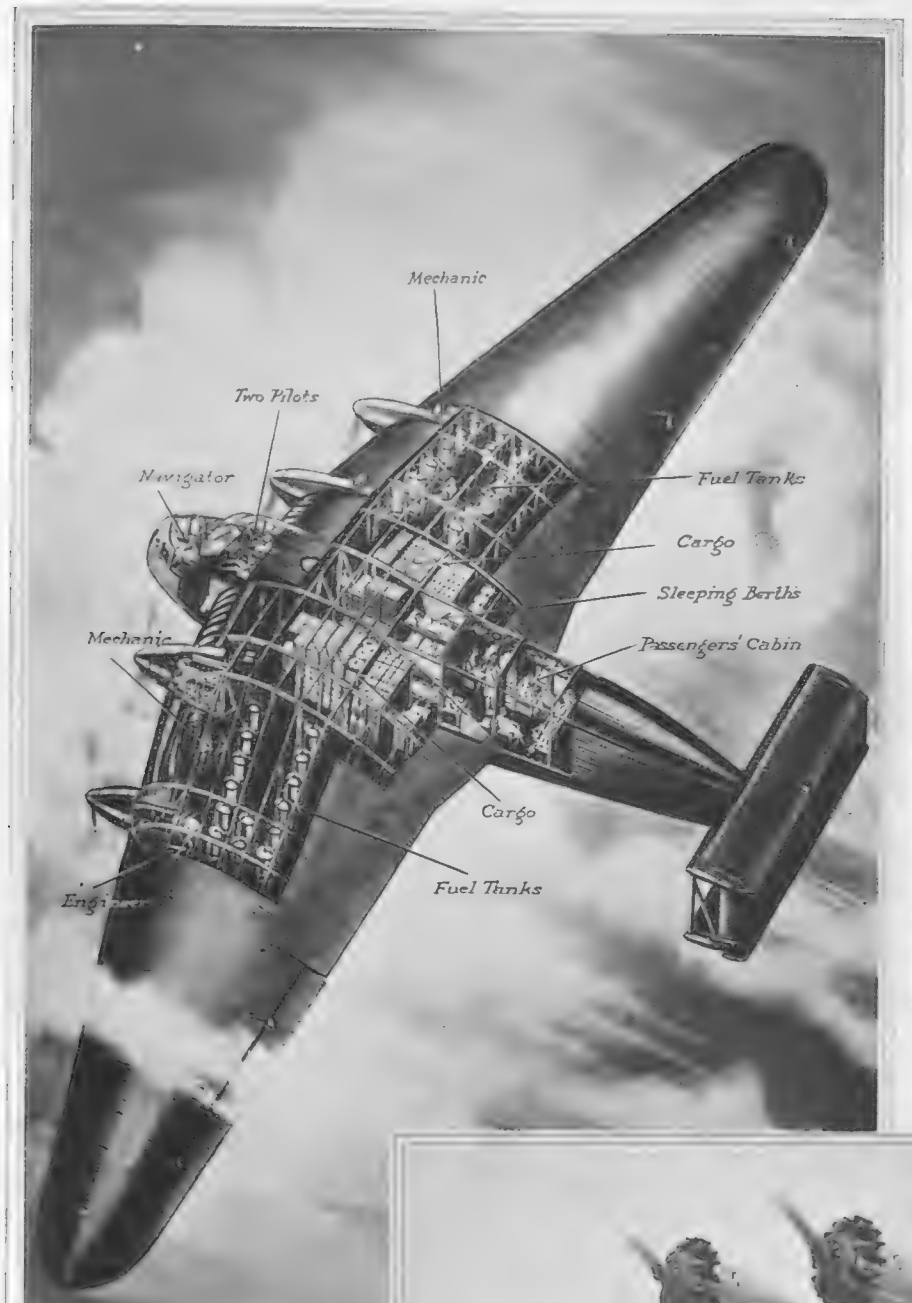
Ishizuka Kumataro, postman attached to the Mize Post Office of Toyoura-mura, about forty miles from Sakata, was allotted a delivery-round including the bleak and windy pass of Kasa-tori-toge, overlooking a perilous sheer descent to the sea. Ishizuka learned of one accident after another. The village authorities had no funds to build in such an unfrequented spot.

So for seven days the good-hearted postman daily sought and placed in position one or two stones as he came and went about his duty. To-day a strong embankment 4 ft. high, 4 ft. thick, and 100 ft. long, lines the track along the precipice. This unaided voluntary work of sixty-five-year-old "Saint Ishizuka," as he is now known to the villagers, has been recognized by the authorities, but is declared to be amongst the least of the thoughtful good works which have earned him his "sainthood."

THE CREATOR OF A LEAGUE OF NATIONS SENSATION: M. Litvinov, the Soviet delegate to the League of Nations, who elected to make a speech more suited to the Chauve Souris than to Geneva in English, more reminiscent of M. Nikita Baileff than to a man of his position. Not only was it unintelligible, but flippant, and it was directed not to be printed for filing in the archives

DEVELOPMENTS *in the* AIR

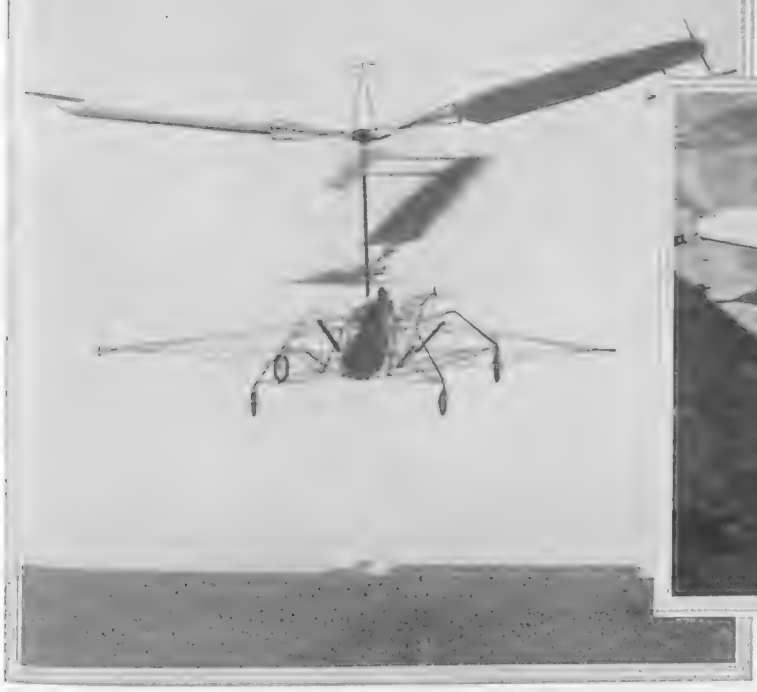
The Alar Carrier: Mrs. Bruce Making Tokio: The Saro Cloud: The D'Ascanio Helicopter: The Pneumatic 'Plane



THE LIVING WING: A cross-section of the great Junkers monoplane G 38, which carries passengers, freight in the wings, and with a two-ton load has a range of 3,000 miles

THE MEETING AT CALCUTTA: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who has reached Hong Kong en route to Tokio, meets at Dum Dum Aerodrome, Calcutta, Mr. Oscar Garden, who flew to Australia making a fine flight across the middle of the island continent

THE LARGEST AMPHIBIAN IN THE WORLD: The Saro Cloud in which the Prince of Wales flew from Hayes to Calshot, and assumed control after the take-off. Subsequently H.R.H. flew on the Do X of which he also took sole control. The Saro Cloud is the most powerful 'plane of its kind in the world



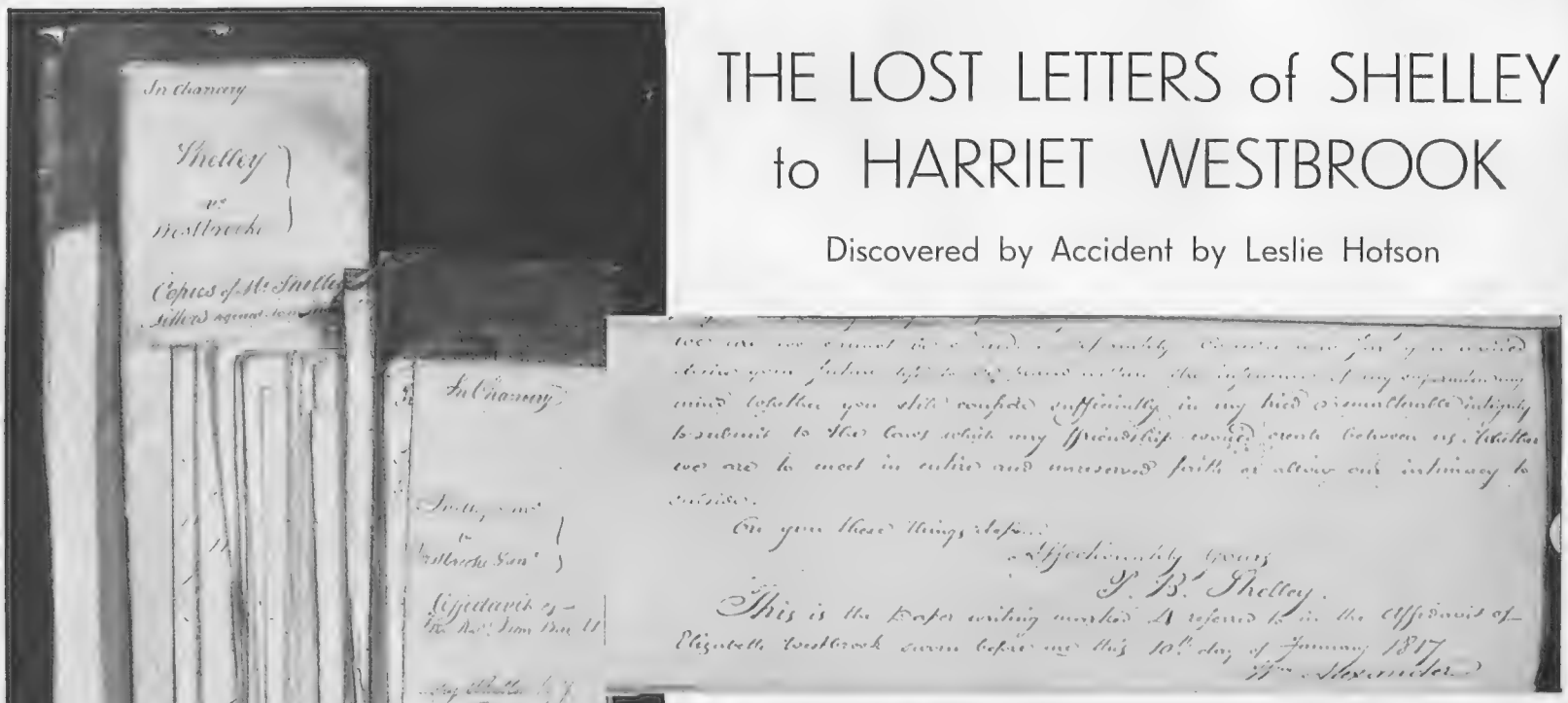
THE RECORD-BREAKING HELICOPTER: The D'Ascanio, which weighs 800 kg. and is fitted with a 95-h.p. Fiat A.50 S engine. It has been undergoing experiments at the Ciampino Nord Aerodrome. It remained aloft for 8 minutes 45⅕ seconds, and attained a height of 18 metres. It was tested inside a hangar where, despite the vertices produced by the walls, it achieved a considerable measure of success

THE PNEUMATIC 'PLANE: This invention of Mr. Taylor McDaniel of Washington, U.S.A., is made of rubber made rigid by inflation. Canvas covers the rubber tubes

The D'Ascanio helicopter, which is still in the experimental stage, is formed of a fuselage surmounted by two large propellers rotating in opposite senses. The blades of said propellers, formed of small aeroplanes complete with tail and elevator, have articulated joints and are thus free to assume automatically the fundamental bearings determined by the tail. By means of the elevators this bearing is varied, thereby establishing the control of ascent and descent of the machine

THE LOST LETTERS of SHELLEY to HARRIET WESTBROOK

Discovered by Accident by Leslie Hotson



The Documents: The lost Shelley letters found by accident by Mr. Leslie Hotson when searching the Index of Masters' Papers

"My superintending mind": An excerpt from one of the letters lost since the case which hounded Shelley out of England

The letters written by Shelley to Harriet Westbrook which have only recently been discovered by Mr. Leslie Hotson throw a new light on Shelley's character and also on his relations with his wife, and show us how, not crediting her with any very deep feeling, he was led astray by an irrational hope that, after he had told her of his passionate love for Mary Godwin, she would consent to a separation and resign herself to the new conditions.

Public opinion was violently against Shelley after Harriet's death; he was criticized and condemned by everybody; and even his best friends could find very little to excuse or condone in his conduct towards a girl whose only faults had apparently been her youth, her ignorance, and her too credulous love. The case brought against him by the Westbrooks when he attempted to claim the custody of his two children, was heard behind closed doors so that the letters he had written to Harriet, which were read in court, were never heard by the public.

After Shelley's death several of his friends tried in vain to trace these letters but they had presumably been sent to the Westbrooks' solicitors, Messrs. Desse, Dendy and Morphett, and were buried for all time in the latter's files. In 1860 Thomas Love Peacock made a determined but fruitless search for them, and, later on, Kegan Paul, writing Godwin's biography, also tried to discover their whereabouts, but could find nothing.

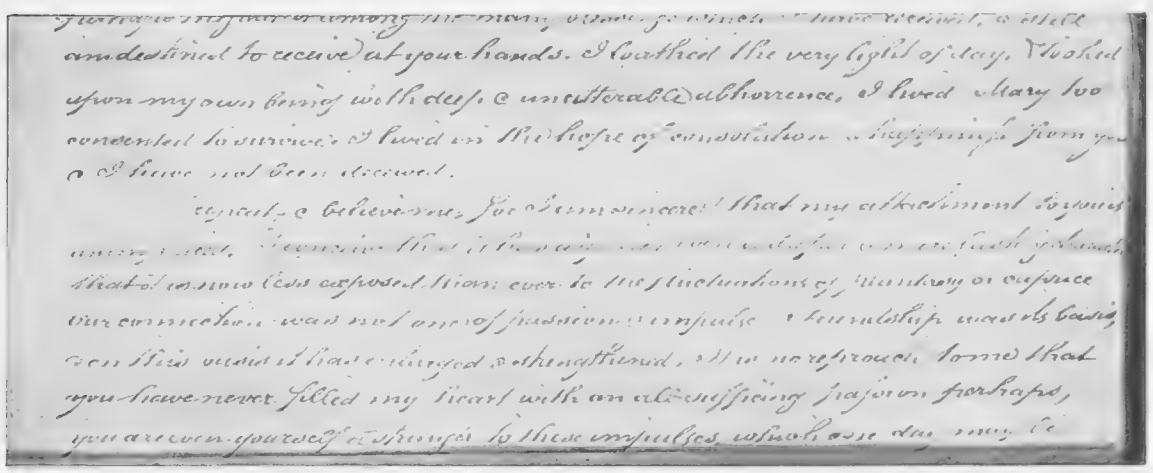
It was entirely owing to chance that Mr. Leslie Hotson came upon the names Shelley *v.* Westbrook when he was examining the Index of Masters' Papers for evidence concerned with quite another matter. Full of curiosity he made further investigations and found a bundle of papers covered with dust which had evidently not been touched for years. Searching among these documents—affidavits and examinations of witnesses—he at last came upon the folio copies of the nine letters Shelley had written to Harriet during the months of July to October 1814, as well as a letter written to Eliza Westbrook after Harriet's death.

In the first of these letters, written immediately after the interview Shelley had with Harriet when she returned from Bath, the interview in which he first told her of his passionate love for Mary Godwin, he seemed convinced that his confession was in no way a great grief to her, though, in reality, she only pretended to acquiesce, hoping that his infatuation for Mary would prove to be a temporary one. In his subsequent letters, however, incensed by Harriet giving his address to lawyers and creditors whom he was trying to avoid; annoyed by her refusing to sign the Deed of Separation, and furious at the reports she was spreading that Godwin had deliberately sold Mary, Shelley was driven to bitter condemnation.

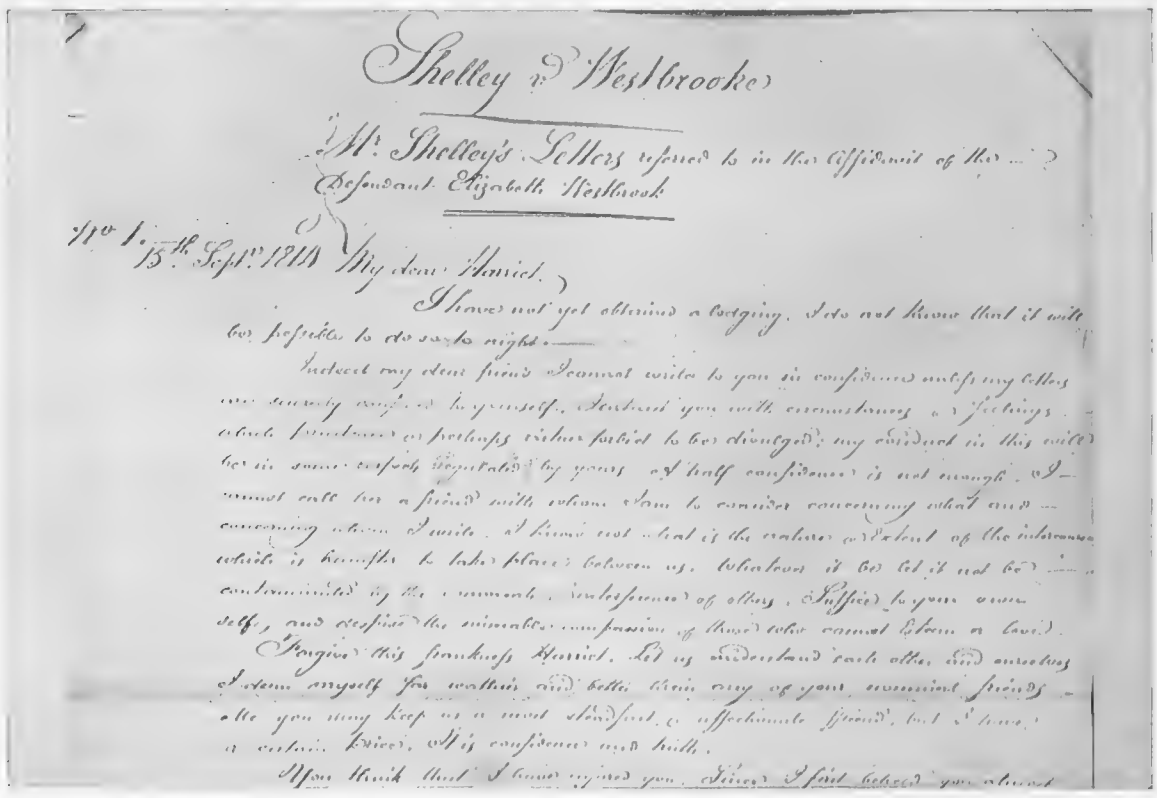
Increasing financial difficulties forced Shelley and Mary to leave their lodgings and, preying on Shelley's mind, caused him to fall seriously ill, and at this time Harriet evidently wrote to him full of wifely solicitude, for in a letter dated October 12 Shelley answered her: "I thank you for your kind attentions in recommending me to abstain from washing my hair: I take your advice, but shall not wear flannel yet."

A little later came a letter from Shelley appealing for financial help to save him from prison, and shortly after this Harriet's child was born, and there is a long gap in the correspondence till the last letter written to Eliza Westbrook claiming the custody of the children and refusing to be in any way responsible for Harriet's suicide; indeed, throwing the blame for the tragedy on Eliza herself, whose hold on Harriet he declares had broken her spirit and driven her from her home.

These letters do not perhaps exonerate Shelley, but they do show that he was honestly—though certainly mistakenly—convinced that Harriet would eventually agree with his fantastic idea of living with him and Mary. They show also that Shelley never intended to injure Harriet or to make her suffer from the step he was taking, but was persuaded she would always remain his best friend.—**Meriel Buchanan**



"It is no reproach to me that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing Passion": The cry of a man bitterly disappointed in himself and the woman of his early choice and torn by an overwhelming love for a woman not his wife



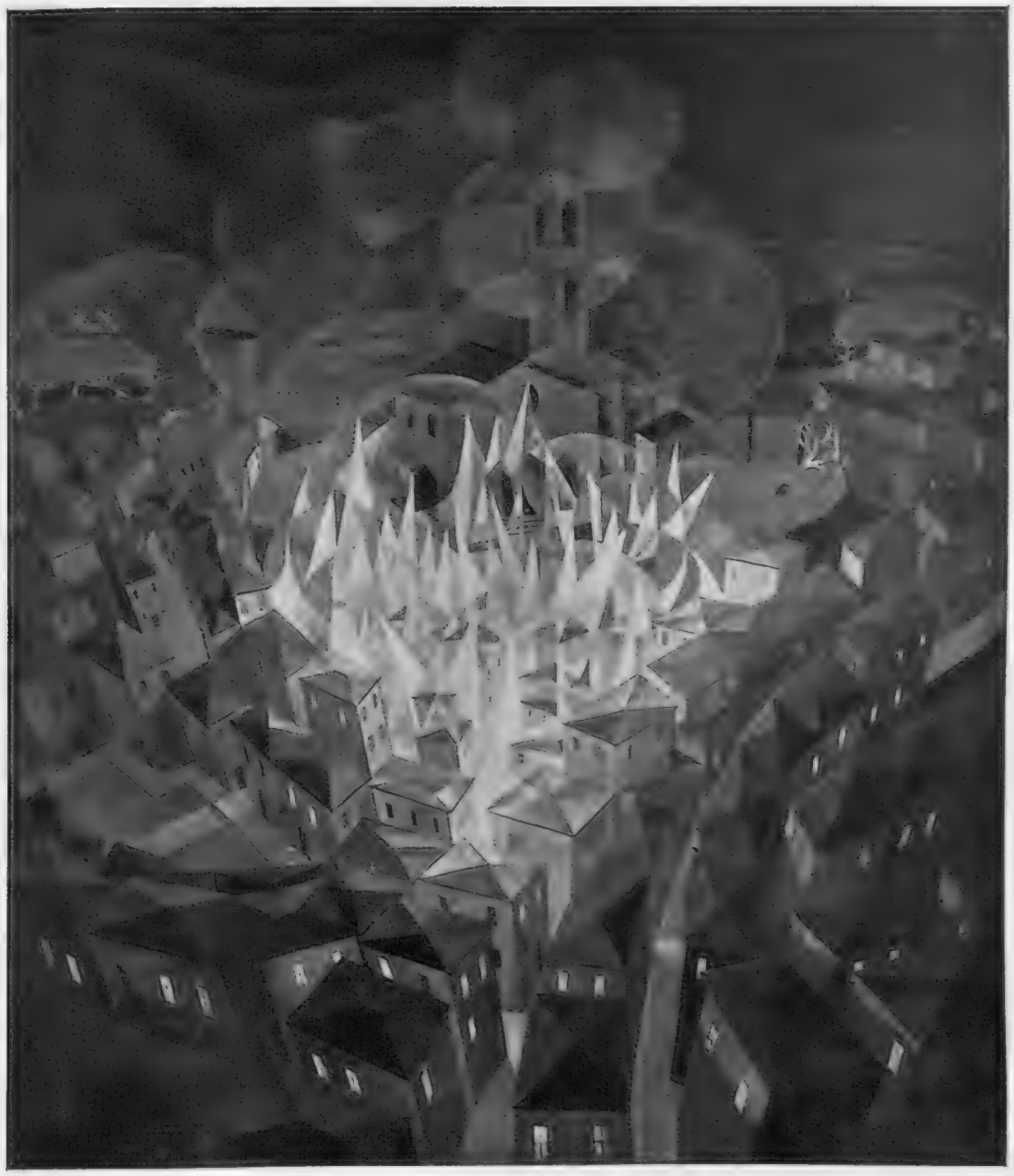
"I have a certain price. It is confidence and truth": The proud and untrammelled spirit of Shelley appeals in vain against the moral and conventional ramparts permanent in the mind of Harriet and the average decent citizen

A MODERN ARTIST'S PORTRAYAL OF A RAILWAY STATION: Carl Voelker has exhibited in Berlin this striking realization of the head of the human stream as it flows citywards day by day. The figures are robotized in conformity with the architecture around them

On the right is an example of the work of a clever Italian painter, Gherardo Dottori. He continues to follow the Futurist convention, and here gives us a vision of houses ablaze in the centre of a small town

MODERN ART

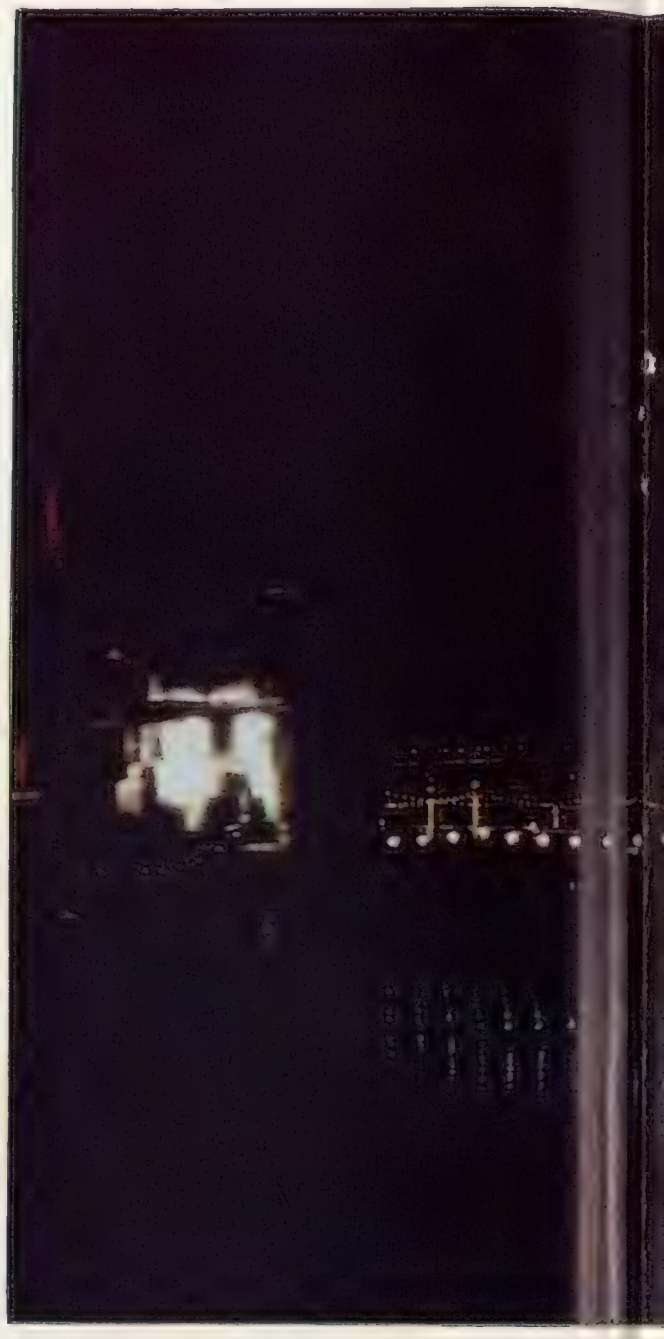
Examples from Germany and Italy



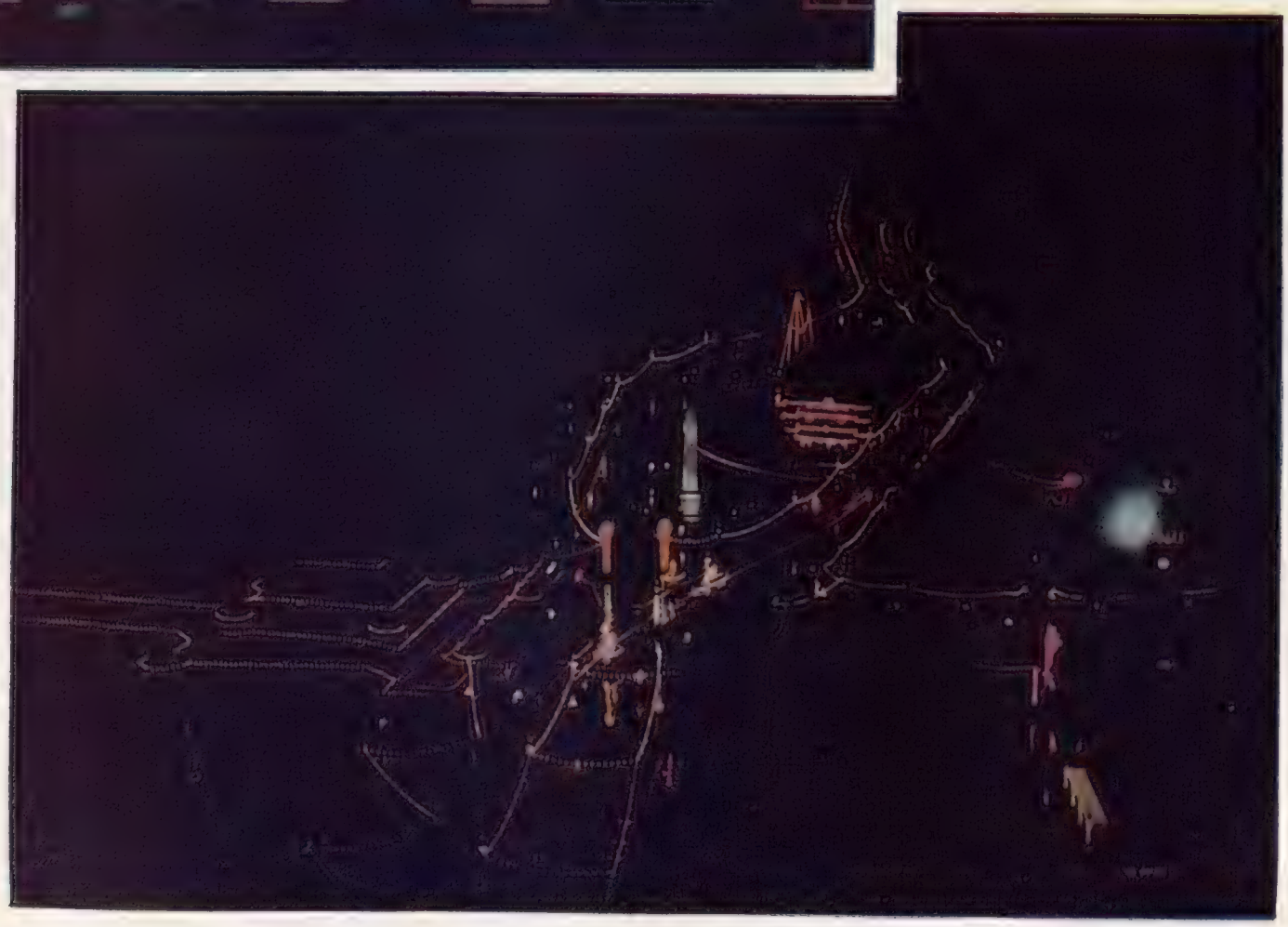
FIRE IN A TOWN: A modernistic representation of a town ablaze, by Gherardo Dottori

The CITY of BEAUTIFUL LIGHT

Nocturne at Blackpool, the great Metropolis of gaiety of the North, where seven miles of coloured illumination dazzle all eyes



THE FOCUS OF THE FRONT: In the seven mile sweep of the espl many other attractions. On wet days this enclosure is thr



Above—CONTOURS OF MULTICOLOURED LIGHT: The Town Hall of Blackpool, the Paris of the Industrial North. As is only fitting, the inscription lettered above the illuminated portal reads "Progress," the watchword of the energetic municipality which in a few short years has made Blackpool what it is

THE TRIBUTE OF ILLUMINATION: Even in the town devoted to the hours of gaiety, the Great Sacrifice is not forgotten. The War Memorial is a focal point on the seven mile front, and is lit with artistry and sincerity in a pure white light which makes the others seem, for a moment, tawdry

The Great White Way at Forty-Second Street, and liant, though less concentr tions of Piccadilly Circus, long the boast of American men the world over. But kaleidoscope of Blackpool i a space of seven miles a board, every building is out hued brilliance. These illu the great resort of the indu full month of season over while in the long days of the months such exquisite adju discount, yet from the m tember to the end of Octob magnet drawing visitors fr one day last month, no 140 excursion trains bore a of human freight to the La land, the last of which lef 3.30 a.m.!

It is not only the thr famous Tower, the Fun municipal buildings that with electric radiance to d borealis, but the hotels houses that line the esp largest picture on this page span of the front, taken fro one of the piers, while that left shows a view seen fron of the Tower. To the left structure, seen from the sea one of the great attractions Also on the front is the Fu questionable whether even can vie with Blackpool in each of which is outlined in

These colossal illuminatio with the town. Year by yea addition and improvement, of the motto blazoned and central municipal building And, in another way beyo material, Blackpool is the e progress, for despite the front is crowded with holi the masses even so late sight to offend the mo moralist is to be seen.

Though the patronage uncultured in a great degr is a raciness of idiom to every hand, though table m perchance, to fingers rathe and appetites to "door-step cashire hot-pot rather tha sandwiches and grouse, and than to cocktails, there is and a vigour, a naive and un enjoyment to be seen which

the esplanade at Blackpool, the Tower dominates the scene. This great structure on which by night, two aeroplanes flicker above a five pointed star, ho'ds at its base a circus, and re is thronged with patrons who, for a modest shilling, are made free of all the side-shows, save the circus. They may—and do—spend their whole day within the Tower

Way at Broadway and
t, and the more bril-
concentrated illumina-
Circus, have been for
Americans and English-
er. But the amazing
ackpool is unique. For
miles along the sea-
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hese illuminations give
the industrial north a
on over its rivals, for
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site adjuncts are at a
n the middle of Sep-
of October, they are a
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hich left Blackpool at

the three piers, the
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hotels and boarding-
the esplanade. The
this page shows a short
taken from the end of
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seen from the summit
the left of this great
n the sea, is the Palace,
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is the Fun City. It is
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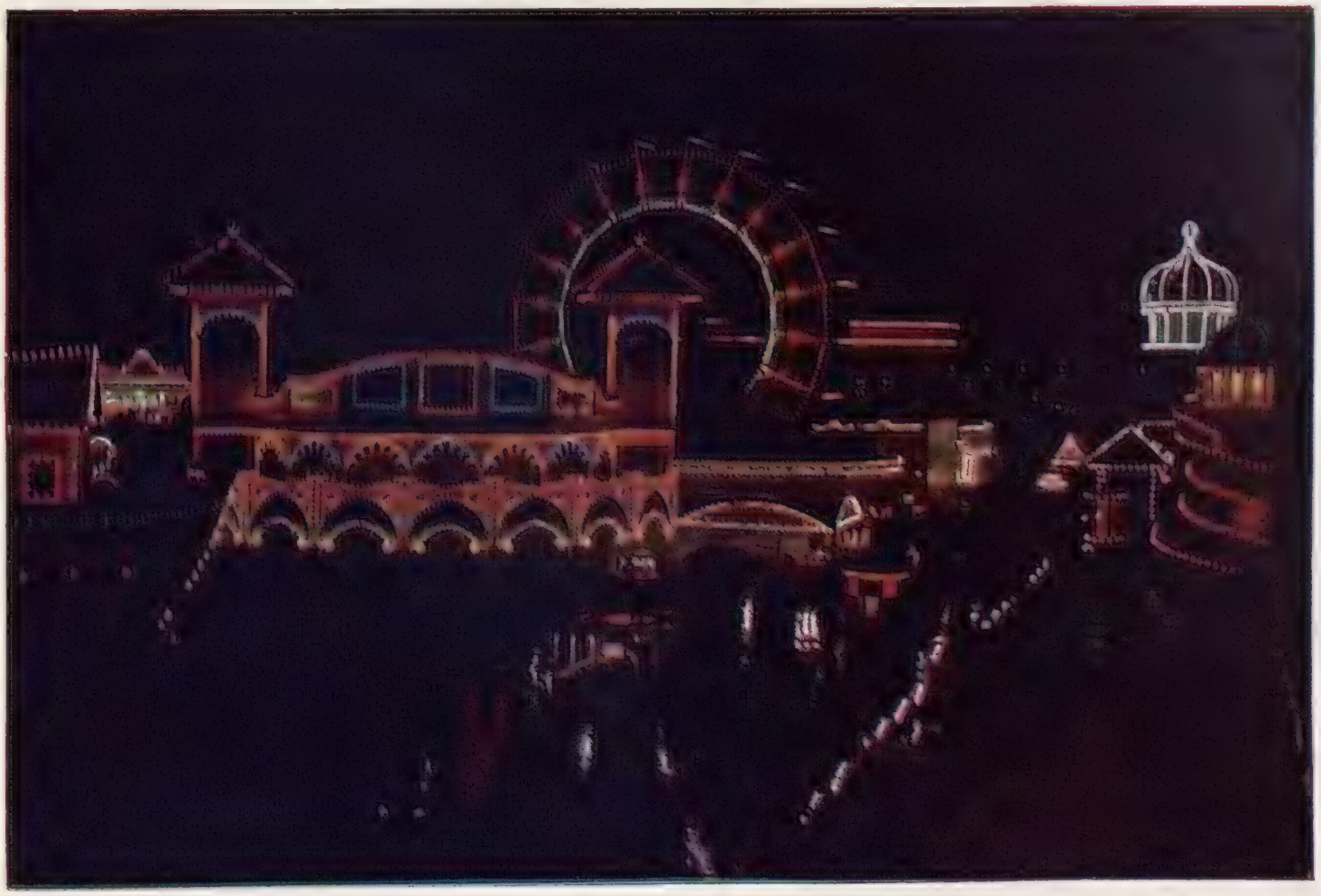
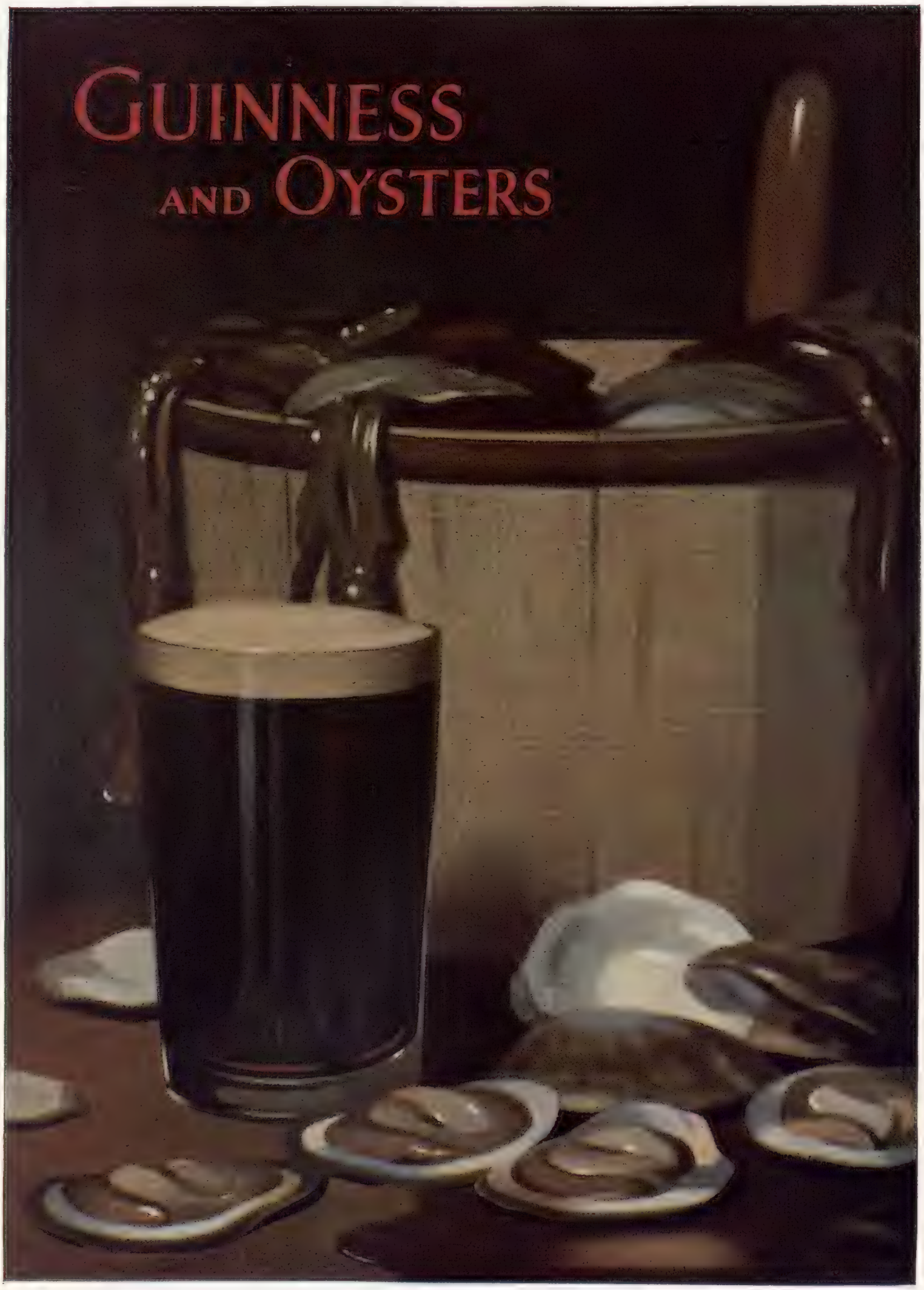


A FAIRYLAND OF FUN: An angle of the Fun City, gayest place in the world. Stern workers in the grim north recapture for a few fleeting moments, beneath the dazzling coruscation of the scintillant lights, the first, fine, careless rapture of Childhood when Fairyland was as real as the work-a-day world

to the spurious aids to pleasure essential to a more sophisticated life. In Blackpool, in short, one may in truth see the backbone of the country at play beneath the glamorous illumina- tions established and maintained by the most vital municipality in the world.



"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.83A

ANIMALS WILD and TAME

Strangers from Africa and Malaysia : Familiars from Vienna and London

ARMATURED IN SCALES OF HAIR : The pangolin of Java and Sumatra carries its young on its back. It is akin to the aardvark, and sleeps by day to feed on termites, in whose mounds it delves, by night

SOLE REPRESENTATIVE IN AMERICA : The myala, a rare African animal, and the only one to be taken alive into the U.S.A., is now in residence in the Zoo at Washington, D.C. She is, however, very lonely, and a mate is sought. A dozen fine stripes adorn the myala's back

ASSAILING THE SKY : Nell, a fine bull-terrier, jumps for high branches in Hyde Park — a tour de force of instantaneous dog photography

"MITTENS, MOPPET, AND TOM!" A trio of kittens from Vienna that recall the immortal childhood friends created by Beatrix Potter of "Peter Rabbit" fame

The RESCUE from WIMPOLE STREET

The Barrett-Browning Romance Told by Two Widely Diverging Sources

(See opposite page)

The romantic episode of the secret marriage and flight from 50, Wimpole Street, has come as a surprise to many admirers of the poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The play now running at the Queen's Theatre portrays these incidents with a vividness which has arrested public attention. The mysteriousness of Elizabeth's father and the general strangeness of the whole household with its numerous brothers and sisters all ruled with the iron hand of a despotic parent, present a challenging psychological problem, and doubtless many a reader of THE SPHERE has consulted the various biographies which have been published from time to time, of Elizabeth Barrett and of Robert Browning. Some authors are much more frank than others, who draw a veil over many vital incidents in this extraordinary episode. For discreet suppression it would be hard to excel the biography of Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, to give her her full name, which occurs in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. This is how Mrs. Richmond Ritchie tells the story:

One day, when Elizabeth was about fifteen, the young girl, impatient for her ride, tried to saddle her pony alone in a field and fell with the saddle upon her, in some way injuring her spine so seriously that she was for years upon her back.

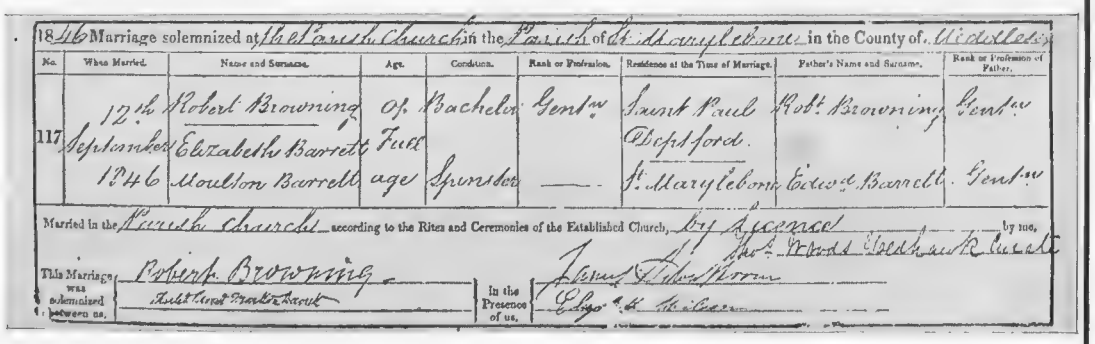
She was about twenty when her mother's last illness began, and at the same time some money catastrophe (the result of other people's misdeeds) overtook Mr. Barrett. He would not allow his wife to be troubled or told of this crisis in his affairs, and compounded at an enormous cost with his creditors, materially diminishing his income for life so as to put off any change in the ways at Hope End until change could trouble the sick lady no more. After Mrs. Barrett's death, when Elizabeth was a little over twenty, they came away, leaving Hope End among the hills for ever. "Beautiful, beautiful hills," Miss Barrett wrote long afterwards from her closed sick-room in London, "and yet not for the whole world's beauty would I stand among the sunshine and shadow of them any more; it would be a mockery, like the taking back of a broken flower to its stalk" (see Letters of E. B. Browning to R. H. Horne).

About this time Mr. Kenyon first brought Mr. Browning as a visitor to the house. It must have been about this time that Miss Barrett, writing to Mrs. Jameson, says, in a warm and grateful letter in the possession of Mrs. Oliphant: "First I was drawn to you, then I was and am bound to you, but I do not move into the confessional notwithstanding my own heart and yours." Some time in 1846 the doctors have declared that Miss Barrett's life depended upon her leaving England for the winter, and immediately after their marriage Mr. Browning took his wife abroad. Mrs. Jameson was at Paris when Mr. and Mrs. Browning arrived there.

It is not until we turn to the biography of Robert Browning that we gain some insight into the incidents which have aroused so much comment. Here is Sir Edmund Gosse's narrative, also culled from *The Dictionary of National Biography*:

. . . It was through Kenyon that Browning first became acquainted with Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, who was already celebrated as a poet, and had indeed achieved a far wider reputation than Browning. Miss Barrett was the cousin of Kenyon, a confirmed invalid; she saw no one and never left the house. She was an admirer of Browning's poems; he, on the other hand, first read hers in the course of the opening week of 1845, although he had become aware that she was a great poet. She was six years older than he, but looked much younger than her age. He was induced to write to her, and his first letter, addressed from Hatcham on January 10, 1845, to Miss Barrett at 50, Wimpole Street, is a declaration of passion. "I love your books, and I love you too." She replied, less gushingly, but with warmest friendship, and in a few days they stood, without quite realising it at first, on the footing of lovers. Their earliest meeting however took place at Wimpole Street in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 20, 1845. Miss Barrett received Browning prone on her sofa, in a partly darkened room; she "instantly inspired him with a passionate admiration." They corresponded with such fulness that their missives caught one another by the heels, letters full of literature and tenderness and passion, in the course of which he soon begged her to allow him to devote his life to her care. She withdrew, but he persisted, and each time her denial grew fainter. He visited her three times a week, and these visits were successfully concealed from her father, a man of strange eccentricity and selfishness, who thought that the lives of all his children should be exclusively dedicated to himself, and who forbade any of them to think of marriage. In the whole matter the conduct of Browning, though hazardous and involving great moral courage, can only be considered strictly honourable and right. The happiness, and even perhaps the life, of the invalid depended upon her leaving the hothouse in which she was imprisoned. Her father acted as a mere tyrant, and the only alternatives were that Elizabeth should die in her prison or should escape from it with the man she loved. All Browning's preparations were undertaken with delicate forethought. On September 12, 1846, in company with Wilson, her maid, Miss Barrett left Wimpole Street, took a fly from a cab-stand in Marylebone and drove to St. Pancras' Church (*sic*), where they were privately married. She returned to her father's house; but on September 19 (Saturday) she stole away at dinner-time with her maid and Flush, her dog. At Vauxhall Station Browning met her, and at 9 p.m. they left Southampton for Havre, and on the 20th were in Paris.

It was with no little thrill that one was enabled by the kind permission of the present owner of 50, Wimpole Street, to enter the very room on the first floor which Elizabeth Moulton Barrett occupied during the days when Robert Browning used to pay his frequent visits to the prisoner on the sofa. The actual room is at the back of the house and does not look upon Wimpole Street. It has a gracefully-curved bow-window, and it is at one of these window-lights that THE SPHERE photographed the well-known actress, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies in a position which Elizabeth Barrett might often have assumed when the days of increasing strength induced her to leave her couch. These little adventures in the room were preliminary to bigger efforts without. There came drives into the park and secret tests of her strength. She was delighted to find that she could walk, and without undue fatigue, Robert Browning constantly lending her the tremendous mental support of his vigorous personality. From the house the actors were conveyed to Marylebone Church, where the group shown on the opposite page was taken. The little party of three are seen emerging from the vestry entrance, a huge doorway in classic style.



1846 Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of St. Mary Lebone in the County of Middlesex

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
117	12th September 1846	Robert Browning	Of Full age	Bachelor	Gentleman	Saint Paul Deptford	Robt. Browning	Gentleman
		Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett		Spinster	—	St. Marylebone	Edwd. Barrett	Gentleman

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence by me, [illegible]

This Marriage was solemnized between us, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett. In the Presence of us, [illegible]

The record of the Browning-Barrett marriage in Marylebone Church

DRAINING the NORTH SEA

Germany's Vast Project

From OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

During the last few months some of the finest engineering minds in Germany have been busying themselves with the fantastic idea of draining the North Sea. Some objection from England and France has been anticipated, apparently, and not without reason. For the scheme involves the building of two huge dams; one across the Straits of Dover, the other from Denmark to Scotland. All rivers will have to be artificially diverted. The Thames, the Tees, the Humber, and the Tyne; the Weser, the Elbe, the Scheldt, and the Rhine. All this, it is realized, involves the co-operation of the countries concerned, but it is confidently believed that when the full details of the scheme are laid before the respective Governments, the advantages will be so manifest that no further objections can be raised.

I write "no further" objections for this reason: What will happen to our fishing industries? What are Colchester and Whitstable without their natives, Yarmouth without its herrings and mackerel, Dover without its fabled soles? Apparently all of these difficulties can be overcome, although it is by no means certain that representations from Thanet will not yet succeed in wrecking the scheme.

It is pointed out what vast economic advantages accrue to the Dutch Government by the gradual reclaiming of land from the Zuider Zee. And what can be done on a small scale can likewise be done on a larger, although the difference in the size of the projects is so vast that true comparison seems to be impossible. That some new country somewhere is a very real and present need of Germany is well known. Already before the War expansion was advisable, and now her colonies have been confiscated the need has increased doubly. Out of this urgency the idea has arisen. It is known, moreover, that considerable coal and mineral deposits will be thus made accessible although the first thought that will strike the English and French mind is, to whom? Some ambitious soul in Germany has already gone so far as to forecast "a huge city, another New York in the centre of the reclaimed land to be called New Hamburg." And it is over such points as these that the greatest international issues would arise were that scheme ever to become practicable.

It is practicable, almost, to-day. Although it is not anticipated that any concrete steps towards the fulfilment of the scheme will be attempted for another thirty years at least. The technical difficulties have been surmounted. The North Sea is very shallow for the most part, the deepest sounding being at the Dogger-bank, where 300 fathoms have been recorded. Mostly, however, the floor of the ocean lies only 20 fathoms below the surface, the average being as little as 40 to 45 ft. The proposed dam would be 453 miles long, 80 to 90 ft. above the new water level, and 350 ft. thick at the base. The total area of land reclaimed would be something like 120,000 sq. miles. On the face of it the whole idea seems fantastic. But closer examination may well reveal that not only Germany but England and France as well would benefit enormously by the addition of fresh country. In France, the population question does not present itself, but we in England are already sorely overcrowded, and the addition of a strip of land thirty or forty miles wide along our coast line would be of inestimable benefit, especially in view of the submerged coalfields which we know to be there, useless under the water.

If we stretch our imagination sufficiently far we can foresee that the most stringent police control, supported probably by the military of all the countries, will have to be requisitioned to preserve the buried treasures of sunken ships, relics of the Armada, Roman galleys, and even Norse warships, besides the most modern tolls which the sea has been exacting annually ever since the dawn of our island history. Certainly we as a nation would lose some of our insularity of character together with altered geographical conditions.

THE ROMANTIC FLIGHT

of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning reconstructed at the actual Moulton-Barrett house which still stands in Wimpole Street

ELIZABETH BARRETT REINCARNATE TOUCHES THE MOULDING THAT KNEW HER HAND IN HER FORMER LIFE: Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies at the window through which looked the original character she so delicately yet vividly interprets in the powerful quasi-biographical drama now crowding the Queen's Theatre

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: Mr. Scott Sunderland as Robert Browning, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, and Miss Eileen Beldon as Elizabeth Wilson, the faithful Barrett servant, outside the portal of Marylebone Church, where the original Browning-Barrett wedding took place. *Above:* THE SUITOR: Mr. Scott Sunderland as Robert Browning calls to offer flowers taken in by Miss Eileen Beldon as Wilson, the maid, at the very house reproduced on the stage at the Queen's Theatre. The doorway of No. 50, Wimpole Street, is the same as in the days of the Barretts save for a doctor's name-plate and an electric-bell push

FAREWELL: Miss Ffrangcon Davies and Miss Beldon leave the precincts of Wimpole Street for ever, with Flush, the beloved dog

"The Sphere," in view of the enormous interest evoked by *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* now crowding the Queen's Theatre, poses the protagonists of the great poets' poetical romance outside the historic house in which the original Elizabeth Barrett lived

THE TRAGEDY of a POET

The Life of James Elroy Flecker—and other Literary Matters of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

Mrs. Flecker, the wife of James Elroy Flecker, the poet and author of *Hassan*, which brought him posthumous fame, has just issued a collection of his letters which is as near to a biography of the poet that we are likely to get. There is nothing startling in this book, *Some Letters from Abroad of James Elroy Flecker* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), but the writer of them is one of the few genuine poets of the age, and there is interest in this record of his struggle against the powers that rule. When a boy of eighteen I read a book of his poems, and in my heated enthusiasm wrote him a letter telling him he was a great poet. I am very glad of that impertinence now, for he was hungry for appreciation, and eighteen months later he was dead. It should be accounted for righteousness to my predecessor on this page, Clement Shorter, that he opened *The Sphere* to Flecker, and it contained many of his poems at a time when he was comparatively unknown.

This book makes melancholy reading for anyone who believes that genius gets recognition. Here is Flecker bursting into fury because he cannot get into print. *The Nation* and *The English Review* had rejected his fine poem, *Bryan of Brittany*—"What is the use of going on scratching when one can't get one's best work published, I don't know. Am in a black fury with the art of the pen. Finances rotten; and damned Americans wrote and asked me for stuff and I sent them my best, and they sent it all back again. As for that sow, the high bourgeois public, it seems a poem must be crude, long, and preachifying to tickle it."

If Flecker had substituted lewd for crude, he would have been nearer the mark and publication. As for the state of English criticism, I have never been under any illusions about it. Most of the big successes are deliberately organized by the coteries. Here is Eddie Marsh, to his credit, coming to Flecker's rescue, making him a Georgian, and arranging a favourable review of his work in *The Times*. Here is a really fine poet going hat in hand to the smallest fry among editors and publishers, begging for the favour of print, and sticking at it with a perfect bombardment of letters and adroit wirepulling that make me suspect a strong strain of the German Semite in his blood.

It is all very depressing. He died young in Switzerland, an exile during his best years because he would not find a suitable job at home... "We live on at the hotel on tick—that is, giving cheques which can't be cashed. It is an unpleasant situation." He was in exile, athirst for intellectual conversation and civilized company. "It has been supplied to us so far by one, Lawrence demy of Magdalen—a strange boy who tramps Syria on foot and digs Hittites for Hogarth." They are both famous now. This book illustrates the vagaries of life and fame. It should be presented by every father to any son who threatens to write poetry for a living. The book is courageously produced. Flecker is here in a fine fervour; frank, outspoken, abusive, baffled, and always intense. The last moments are touchingly recorded.

When I picked up Mr. George Cornwallis-West's big, fat book, *Edwardian Hey-Days* (Putman. 15s. net), I exclaimed "Oh Lord!" All I knew of its author was that he had always given himself a very good time, was in the Edwardian set, had failed as a stockbroker, and had succeeded in marrying two of the most interesting women of the age, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But I shall now hold it against the author that, having motored down to the country with the intention of going to bed early, his book kept me out of bed until four in the morning. I have been wondering why. I am by nature entirely antipathetic to these people who waste large parts of their lives spending inherited money, and, in a gamut of luxury, never allowing themselves to gaze upon or give a thought to the privation, struggle, and misery around. The temptation of wealth and position to create parasites is as strong among the aristocracy as is the dole among the depressed classes, with the difference that the former is quite respectable and held up as worthy of emulation in the columns of Society gossip.

Mr. Cornwallis-West made a strong attempt to break away from a life of pleasure but circumstances were too much for him. He has lived a full life, kept an alert eye and ear, missed few of the experiences that open to a man of his birth and tastes. In all this he is not differentiated from his class, but no one can read ten pages of this book without finding a poetic sensitiveness, a sanity, a generous courage which are even more attractive than his background. He has also the supreme art of telling a story. Hunting, shooting, fishing, deer-stalking, fighting, travelling, marrying, these fill a crowded life. They fill so much of his life that I found myself wondering how he contrived to bring his business experiences into it, or was he one of those blithe souls who never allow business to interfere with pleasure.

THE AUTHOR OF "EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT": Mr. Thomas Bell, the young American author whose first novel (published by Eyre and Spottiswoode) has been acclaimed by the critics as remarkable, both for the power of its thought and the beauty of its style

This book has every element that makes it readable. It has even the ghost of Nell Gwynne, which he saw, being psychic, at his home, Salisbury Hall. He served in the same battalion as Rupert Brooke—there is an excellent description of the ill-fated Antwerp expedition—and not only had a famous hostess for mother but a Duchess of Westminster and a Princess of Pless for sisters, and Winston Churchill for son-in-law. And at odd moments, King Edward as a friend to offer shrewd advice and pull a wire.

I could wish that the author has said a little more about Fürstenstein, the Pless *schloss* where he often stayed. I have not yet recovered from my amazement at its 300 servants and 600 bedrooms, but Mr. Cornwallis-West is like the Antient Mariner, he could take one by the lapel and hold one for a month. What a Mayoress of New York once described as "a mouthful" is ascribed here to Lord Rosebery. A youth, at the spotty age, had annoyed him with some remark. Rosebery looked at him with cod-fish eyes, and said—"All my life I've loved a womanly woman and admired a manly man, but I never could stand a boily boy."

The author once entertained Duse without ever seeing her. She arrived in tears after the d'Annunzio fracas and remained the whole day in the drawing room. And delightful as the comment of a famous French actress who arrived, asking why the English railway companies were so religious—"Je suis partie de Saint Pancras et je suis arrivée à Saint Alban—deux saints, et je n'ai voyagé que ving-cinq kilometres!" I am glad this book was not more than 300 pages long or I should have been up all night.

We will now turn to a member of the Victorian circle. The Dean of Windsor and Mr. Hector Bolitho have continued their collaboration, and have added to their two previous volumes on Lady Augusta Stanley, this volume on her husband, *Dean Stanley A Victorian Dean* (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). It is a pendant to Lord Ernle's *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley* and rounds out the portrait of this gentle, charming man who enjoyed the confidence of Queen Victoria and the affection of a large circle.

He was marked for distinction from the first. He was the favourite pupil of Arnold of Rugby, he grew up in the shadow of the Court, was selected to take the young Prince of Wales, then twenty, on a tour of the Holy Land at a time when that young man would rather have been chasing the fox and other creatures in furs. A man of natural saintliness, he appears to have been sheltered all his life from storms or temptations, he knew the right people, made the right marriage, had at his service the right influence. All this would have advanced a nonentity, but Stanley was never that; he set his stamp upon whatever he did, urbane and widely tolerant in an era given up to silly little theological feuds.

There is nothing startling or even unusual in this book; one gets a glimpse of the tranquillity of a life lived almost within the Court circle, of a mind widened by extensive travel, of a grace and a security that are gone from this land. He married at forty-nine a woman of great charm and beauty of character. Together they visited Russia. There are short illuminating sketches in these letters. At King Edward's wedding Lord Palmerston had settled himself in his knight's stall and "took out of his pocket a little comb, and there in the presence of the whole congregation combed his hoary whiskers." Queen Victoria is revealed as something more than an obstinate sentimental autocrat, one who watched the well-being of her friends throughout their lives.

Altogether, this book gives one a picture of the Victorians which should counteract the impression that they were sycophants veneered with Christianity. The Dean of Windsor and his colleague have performed their task unobtrusively. Their notes are just right their interpretation is informative, and the delicate spirit of the subject is sensitively revealed. This is a charming addition to the Victorian gallery.

The unavoidable fault of *The Fourth Seal*, by Sir Samuel Hoare (Heinemann, Ltd. 15s.), is that the events he narrates are now out of date, and the despatches he sent from Russia at the time he was there on Secret Service consisted of surmises and prophecies which have either been fulfilled or disproved.

When invalided from the Yeomanry he set himself to learn Russian, a most formidable task, and having learnt it, with incredible speed he sought to apply his acquisition. So to Russia he was sent as Chief of the British Intelligence Mission attached to the Russian Staff. There are portraits of the *intrigueurs*, of the Royal Court, and of the chief figures whose dissensions and corruption were to bring this empire crashing down. Sometimes Sir Samuel attempts to be too fantastic. The plan of the book is stretched to a kind of symbolism which distorts the picture.

There is a most striking and touching portrait of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, whose story is as tragic as any that ever came out of the annals of bloody revolution. Sir Samuel's defence of Sasanov, a true friend of Great Britain, renders a service to justice, and there are striking tributes to two other great servants of this country, Harold Williams and Sir George Buchanan.

(*Continued on page* 388)

This week's selection includes a book for the bedside, for winter sports, and a few verses for the mirthful and wise.

The Week-end Book (Nonesuch Press. 6s. net).—The 1931 new edition of the book that has galloped through 100,000 and goes on deservedly, the reward of an original idea.

Wisdom for the Wise, by *A. P. Herbert* (Methuen 5s. net).—A. P. H. is at his best again with some ludicrous rhymes upon some ludicrous persons—from Lord Chancellors to goldfish.

The Story of Fergie Bey (MacMillan. 18s. net).—This is a tribute volume to Captain V. H. Ferguson, who was known as "King of the Nuers" in the Sudan. He was murdered by these savage people of whom he had made a life study. Here is an amazing life of service and adventure, such as this Empire offers to men of resource and courage. The book is made further attractive by letters from Ferguson upon his work.

The Silence of Sarrail, by *Paul Coblentz* (Hutchinson. 18s. net).—General Sarrail was charged with failing at Verdun, at Salonica and in Syria. Here is the story behind the scenes by a defender of the General's name.

The Complete Ski-Runner, by *Arnold Lunn* (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net).—Practical and well illustrated.

The Letters of Saint Evremond (Routledge. 21s. net).—A Broadway edition of the Letters of the Seigneur de Saint Evremond, familiar at Whitehall during the Restoration, and a friend of the Duchesse Mazarin and Ninon de Lanclos.

Venice, by *Thomas Ohey*. (Dent. 15s. net).—An edition of Ohey's delightful book on Venice, with a number of colour plates and sketches by various artists.

Edwardian Hey-Days, by *George Cornwallis-West*. (Putnam. 15s. net).—School, Ireland, Soldiering, Business, Travels, and an enjoyable life in Society. Major Cornwallis-West writes engagingly, particularly of Edwardian Society. There is a real ghost story; the author saw Nell Gwynne at Salisbury Hall.

Pam's Own Story, by *Baroness von Hutten* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).—The further story of this author's more popular creation. Pam tells her own life story, and this is her final appearance. The story has the vitality and charm of the first book.

Life of the Ant, by *Maurice Maeterlinck*. (Cassell. 6s. net).—Though not an entomologist with the equipment of Fabre, the author has a charm of his own in observing insect life and drawing philosophical deductions therefrom.

The Wanderer, by *John Masefield*. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net).—A full history from the building to the sinking of one of the last and most famous of the sailing ships. Mr. Masefield has mingled verse with his prose in tribute to this lyric of the sea.

New Cautionary Tales, by *H. Belloc*. (Duckworth. 5s. net).—These are not so good as the *Bad Child's Book*, but that is scarcely possible. Even so they are very good indeed.

COUNTESS FESTETICS
by ANTON EINSLE

A most unusual modern treatment in a recent exhibition of Viennese beauties

A graceful piece of eighteenth-century jewel painting

A YOUNG WOMAN
by BERNHARD de GUERARD

A WINDSOR BEAUTY
by SIR PETER LELY

This canvas by the artist known as the Van Dongen of his day is believed to be of Lady Dickley, a beauty of the Merrie Monarch's Court

This fifteenth-century canvas is ascribed by Berenson to Solario, and is the only portrait certainly by that artist

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN
by ANTONIO SOLARIO

ART
Under the Hammer in EUROPE

Little-known Masterpieces to be Sold

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

GIVE *your* ANTIQUES *a* MODERN SETTING

By DEREK PATMORE

This entrance hall, designed by Curtis Moffat, has a stone composition floor and walls covered in cream Marb-L-Cote, both of which harmonize perfectly with the fine old furniture

The more we become used to the modern style of decoration the more we realize its many possibilities. Recently a lady came to consult me about her house. She was very worried. "I have just bought a new house," she told me, "and I don't know what to do with it, as all my furniture is antique. It won't go with the modern rooms in my house." Poor lady, she was all wrong. It is a popular fallacy that antiques will not go with modern settings. They will do so admirably.

Frequently rooms are completely spoilt because their owners have tried to turn small modern rooms into Tudor or old Spanish banqueting halls! If you are lucky enough to own an old house, by all means decorate and furnish it in period style, but nothing is more awful than the pseudo-period room that has not quite come off. Give your old furniture a modern setting, and you will be surprised how attractive it will look. You will find that modern fabrics and plain-coloured walls will emphasize the elegant lines of antique furniture and enhance the mellow beauty of old wood.

Recently I saw an entrance hall in an old eighteenth-century house that had been decorated in a modern manner and furnished with antiques without destroying the old-world atmosphere—the effect was very restful and charming. The walls and ceiling had been covered with cream Marb-L-Cote, which gives them the appearance of rough plaster. This treatment of the walls and ceiling can be carried out in any colour, and the plaster can be made as rough or as smooth as you like, and it wears extremely well. The floor of this hall had been covered with a new coloured composition stone flooring, on top of which had been placed several soft tone modern rugs. Modern rugs look very well with old furniture, for their bold designs and vivid colours form an effective contrast to the rich old woods and ornamentation of the furniture. This hall was furnished with old Spanish furniture.

In a room furnished with antique furniture, a modernized fire-place often looks very attractive, and will give the whole room just the smart up-to-date touch it needs. The unusual fire-place (illustrated) was designed by Guy Elwes, one of the most brilliant of the younger decorators. In this drawing-room, with its fine old furniture and honey-coloured walls he has designed a delightful modern baroque fire-place for the electric fire used in the room. The surround of the fire-place and the elegant pillars on each side of it have been painted to resemble marble and to match the golden yellow of the walls. Above the fire-place he has made a marble recess in which is placed an old bronze statue. The whole treatment of this fire-place is a subtle blending of the new and the old, and has cunningly solved the difficulty of introducing such an absolutely modern fitting as an electric fire into a period room.

Lastly, modern concealed lighting goes admirably with old furniture. Its soft yet strong light helps to preserve the charm of old furniture, and you avoid the absurd anachronism of modern electric fittings trying to masquerade as Tudor lamps or eighteenth-century candles.

Guy Elwes designed this elegant fireplace, with its painted marble pillars and recess done a golden yellow to match the walls. It is a delightful modern version of the Baroque

The feature of this room by W. H. Gaze and Sons is the bed recess which is lined with gold material striped with black, with a shaped walnut back to the bed, over which is a panel of richly coloured Portuguese brocade. The doors are walnut with similar panels of brocade, and the bedspread shown is black silk with a gold pattern. The sheets and bolster case are of champagne colour silk

BUYING DOWN QUILTS
and Caring for them

A great many people do not realize that there is a great variety of filling nowadays used in quilts which are often spoken of as "eider-downs." As a matter of fact, eider-down is rare and expensive too, so that it is only used in the highest priced-quilts.

The cheapest filling used is cotton wadding, then comes the vegetable down known as kapok, feathers are a grade higher in value, the heavier feathers including with them a certain amount of quill (which of course has the disadvantage of being liable to force a way through the covering), then comes grey goose-down, white goose-down, and finally eider-down.

It is always a wise plan to go to a reliable store for the purchase of a down quilt.

There is a great feeling this season for down quilts of self colour, rose pink, pale green, mauve, etc., they are filled with white goose-down and cost from about 5 guineas for single-bed size.

A useful quilt is in black with purple centre and floral border to tone. This is in artificial silk. There are also very attractive quilts in art silk in self colours from 3 guineas.

Eider-downs are by no means a formidable undertaking to wash, the only essential being an outdoor drying space as they must blow in order to thoroughly dry and fluff the feathers.

It is quite a good plan to use the bath for washing of that nature. Having prepared some soapy water, immerse the eider-down and wash by kneading and squeezing with a vacuum cup washer if possible. An excellent substitute is a rubber cup sink tool, such as is used when the drain gets stopped up.

When the eider-down has been well kneaded and squeezed, put it through a wringer, and then rinse in tepid salt water to which a little vinegar has been added.

The proportions should be two tablespoonsful of vinegar to three gallons or thereabouts of water. Rinse thoroughly through this water and then give a quick plunge in cold salted water. This clarifies the fabric of the cover and revives the colour. Wring twice and then shake well before hanging on the line to dry. From time to time, the eider-down should be shaken and its position changed. In this way the feathers dry evenly and become fluffy and springy.

Air well before using.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(continued)

ARTS from ABROAD

The China Dogs of Fräulein Lony Pickardt of Berlin: The Linoleum Printers of Sweden

YORKSHIRE PRODUCING IN GERMANY: A Yorkshire terrier poses for Fräulein Lony Pickardt, the noted German canine artist in china in Berlin. The modelling is done from life, and the products have established themse'ves as quite a craze

INDOLENCE AND INSOLENCE: Two Pekinese executed by Fräulein Lony Pickardt which exemplify the artist's profound feeling for and sympathy with her subject

A KENNEL IN CHINA: A quartette of dogs of character executed by Fräulein Lony Pickardt, the Berlin artist in pottery. She can produce a realistic and vivid impression of any breed

THE LATEST HOBBY: Linoleum printing is a handicraft imported from Sweden. The process resembles that of the old woodcut but of course takes much less time and strength. It is quite the latest thing in artistic circles

WORK IN NATIONAL COSTUME: One of the Swedish linoleum printers in a national school

BLOCK AND IMPRESSION: On the right is a "block" in linoleum cut out as an old wood-cut. The coloured paints are squeegeed on to a flat stone from which the cut pattern picks them off by contact; the design is then permanently transferred to the material by pressure

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: The material on to which the impressions of the linoleum blocks have been transferred by pressure

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

Melodrama at the Lyceum Theatre is a national institution. In fact the expression, "Lyceum melodrama," has almost become part of the English language when one wishes to describe a play full of 'orrible crimes and sudden deaths.

Messrs. Walter and Frederick Melville, who control this theatre, are wise to continue their policy by presenting the usual concoction in their latest production, *The House of Danger*, by Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, although this play is not so good, or rather it is slightly worse, than the one which preceded it.

It is all very well to say "that's the stuff they want at the Lyceum," and not to worry much about the quality of the play, but the Melvilles must remember that the vast public from which they draw their audiences are becoming less easy to please, and the quality of the dramas they present should, therefore, improve and not depreciate.

That fine actor, Lyn Harding, looking exactly as if he had walked out of a Conan Doyle novel, plays the part of a rascally doctor who has converted a pleasant-looking house at Dartford into a maze of death-traps. The careless visitor may just miss being electrocuted on approaching a window, but on stepping back will certainly be hurled into a roaring furnace through a sliding trap-door. During the play this latter unpleasant experience happens to two men who have annoyed the ferocious doctor, and Dennis Neilson-Terry, who plays the part of the usual *insouciant* young man, brightly remarks, "Don't go down in the mine, daddy."

I felt that this was a rather heartless remark, even for one of the impossible young men Mr. Neilson-Terry likes portraying, on seeing two of his fellow-creatures burnt alive. In fact Mr. Neilson-Terry spends the entire evening attempting to be facetious without, however, ever reaching the standard of even preparatory-school humour.

It has always been a mystery to me how stage crooks manage to get the complicated machinery necessary to finish off their enemies built into their houses. I am quite sure that the average firm of contractors would refuse the contracts.

Mary Glynne is again the pretty, courageous, and clever heroine who confounds the crooks and restores one-sixth of the radium of the world to her father, from whom it has been stolen by the ingenious doctor. As he falls a victim to one of his own gadgets, making three deaths in all, I suppose the Lyceum audiences will consider that they have had their money's worth.

The play was well received, the audience laughing at even the most inane jokes, and Mr. Neilson-Terry made his usual speech. It should run until the theatre has to be vacated to make room for the annual pantomime, but I do not think it will be transferred to another place of entertainment.

I do not remember seeing Miss Iris Hoey give a bad performance, but she is particularly good in Donald Buckley's new play, *The Man Who Kissed His Wife*, current at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The part suits her down to the ground. She portrays a Mrs. Lisden who has been quite happy ever since her husband left her seven years previous to the action of the play. During this period her time has been fully occupied in bringing up her children; buying skins and heads of wild animals at department stores, and telling her friends that they were the victims of her husband's rifle to explain his absence; and primly taking afternoon tea at the flat of an admirer every Friday.

There comes a time, however, when it becomes necessary for her to produce a husband to allay the awful suspicions of the mother of the young man courting one of her daughters, who seemed to imply that she found her children under a gooseberry bush if no husband could be produced.

When in trouble, there appears to be only one refuge for the respectable British matron—the personal column of *The Times*. Mrs. Lisden inserts an advertisement asking her husband to return, and there appears her tea-drinking friend who at once is acclaimed as the head of the house by her children and the only maid.

All might have been well in the household, but the author, having the future of the play more at heart than the happiness of Mrs. Lisden, introduces an obvious complication, namely the arrival of the real husband. He sportingly does not interfere and, excepting for putting his wife into a state of some excitement, goes from whence he came without disclosing his identity.

Whether his successor calmly spends the rest of his life as Mr. Lisden or not is left to the imagination.

A very pleasant play, well written, and excellently acted. The part of an idiotic maid is usually easy to play, but Kathleen Harrison almost walked away with the honours of the evening as the most vacant domestic I have ever seen, and a small boy, ambitiously named Bobbie Jones, received a round of applause all to himself for a clever piece of pantomime with a scone.

Felix Aylmer, who also produced the play, was the unofficial Mr. Lisden, and was rather too staid for the character, whilst George Barraud was rather too bright in the part of the husband.

The London Theatre Company has taken a lease of the Little Theatre with the avowed intention of presenting plays which are "worth while," whatever that may mean. They have started off with a revival of Cecil Lewis's adaptation of Paul Raynal's *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*. It is called in English *The Unknown Warrior*, and the title is my main objection to the play.

Surely writing a play about the poor unknown victim of a past madness is bordering on sacrilege, and offends the whole idea of the beautiful conception of bringing him to the capital as a mythical being representing all those who had given up their lives.

Now we have him as the centre-piece of a wordy play which, excepting for one or two fine passages, means nothing to the theatre.

Rosalinde Fuller played the only female rôle with much *abandon* and Maurice Browne that of the soldier.

The adaptation was not good. I got tired of hearing the phrase, "Very well, then," and there was one glaring error in detail. The soldier wore a shrapnel-helmet and the play is supposed to take place in October 1915. This type of head-gear was not issued to the French Army until some months after this date.

When a play is bad one can usually find something in it to praise, although as the show will not run I always think it is wasted effort.

When there is nothing one can find to praise, and it just goes on drearily without anything to speak of happening at all, one can only wonder why the play was ever put on, and actors made to spend weary weeks rehearsing without any remuneration, with very little to look forward to when the show is eventually produced.

A case in point is Beatrix Thomson's adaptation of Ouida's famous novel, *Wooden Shoes*, at the Kingsway Theatre.

It is just the old story of the country maiden being dazzled by the wicked and well-dressed stranger from the big city. Nothing very terrible happens excepting that, hearing that he is dangerously ill, the poor mite walks all the way from the environs of Brussels to Paris to find him not ill at all, but living a licentious life on silken divans in the arms of beautiful women.

Luckily her peasant lover who, because of his very plainness I knew at once to be *sans peur et sans reprôche*, takes her back to her Flemish home where she clasps him in her arms, and they presumably live happily ever after.

Unfortunately, the only part that might have been interesting—the riotous living of the villain in Paris—we were not allowed to see, but had to spend the entire evening with the very dull Flemish peasantry instead. One old bore who would dance about playing a fiddle I had a strong desire to brain on the spot.

Miss Beatrix Thomson plays the lead, but can blame nobody but herself for not having any straw with which to make interesting bricks.

Of the entire cast I liked best May Agate's study of an old peasant woman.

It is pleasant to hear of the success made by English actors abroad especially after the failure of the many English plays in America this season, nearly a dozen of which were sent across the Atlantic. *On the Spot* appears to be the only one to have been successful.

George Grossmith has returned to his first love after a year in Hollywood, and has scored a big success in his original part of the king in *Princess Charming* in New York. The play has been most sumptuously put on, the throne scene alone being reported as having cost over £15,000. Jane Aubert, whom I remember a few years ago in the Midnight Follies at the Hôtel Metropôle, plays the rôle originated in London by Mlle Delysia and has also scored a big success.

Franz Lehar, the composer of *Frederica*, now running at the Palace, has written a new operette which will be produced in Berlin in a week's time, when the composer will personally conduct the orchestra.

IN HER FIRST TALKIE: Miss Evelyn Laye, who has just taken up in Bitter Sweet *the rôle she created in New York, has made a splendid talkie in Hollywood. She is seen above with Mr. John Boles in a scene from* Lilli

"A NICE DROP OF MILK": Messrs. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard get superbly squiffed on rum and milk during the hilarious and phenomenally successful farce, "It's a Boy," which is now running so successfully at the Strand

FOLLOW THE SUMMER SOUTHWARDS

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THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

From DEVIL'S CORNER to DAKAR

The Trade Ports of West Africa

By LAWRENCE C. GREEN

You travellers in giant liners see little of Africa. What are Matadi and Port Gentil to you, Lome and Grand Bassam but names on the map? Perhaps you are right in caring little for these backwaters when there are old and luxurious cities still to be seen. Yet I shall remember men, and women, seen against the hot green background of the African tropics when most of my impressions of Europe have passed from the screen of memory. My daily quinine was not taken in vain.

Please follow the Congolese porters with my baggage on board the *Asie*, a steamer flying the Tricolor of France alongside the wharf at Matadi.

Matadi means rock. It is a fitting name for the chief port of the Belgian Congo, built as it is on layers of sun-scorched rock eighty miles from the sea. When Stanley dynamited a path for his trek-wagons near this place, the astounded natives named him Bula Matadi—the rock-breaker. The Government of the country and all white officials are called Bula Matadi to this day.

Shut in by mountains on both sides of the river, Matadi is the hottest town in a land where moist heat is the main impression. Where there is trade, however, white men will risk any climate and any disease. Low-powered ships steaming up to Matadi are often beaten back when they reached the Cauldron. Vessels have shattered their bows on the threatening cliffs.

Our Scandinavian pilot takes us safely past the danger spot and Noki, the Portuguese settlement on the Congo, appears ahead. A few white-walled houses and tin sheds, no boats or steamers, a road climbing up the mountains into the interior, not a living being—that is Noki as I saw it. Probably a political outpost rather than an essential river port.

As we follow the *Thysville* down the river, the *Asie* comes abreast of a floating dock with a warning in huge letters: "The most terrible enemy to the progress of this country is the mosquito." But for us there will be only auch mosquitoes as we encounter at ports of call. We are bound for France.

I am helping myself to a superb omelette at lunch when everyone stops eating and jumps out of his chair. There is a rasping and scraping, followed by an alarming series of bumps. The ship stops dead. When a large ocean liner piles herself up on a sandbank there is trouble ahead; so we finish lunch hurriedly and go on deck. Our little grey motor launch is taking soundings while our wireless calls for help. The propellers thrash the water, but we remain on the sand, heeling steeply.

Suction dredgers and tugs arrive. They toil round us without moving the great bulk of the liner. A kedge anchor is taken out, and the boats carrying it capsize under the strain. Fourteen men fighting for life in the swiftly-running Congo. Life-buoys splashing into the water. Ropes flung over the side. The motor-launch picks them up one by one.

Our winches rattled busily as huge timber logs were lifted from the holds to lighten the ship. In the great estuary of the Congo there are many little creeks which the slavers used when they were pursued by gun-boats; but only two main passages can be taken by large ships, and the dredgers cannot keep more than one open at a time. It was this vital waterway that the *Asie* was blocking. Fierce efforts were made to move us. The dredgers all sucked together. In the end there was a little movement, a steady sliding off the sand, and in five minutes we were in deep water.

Port Gentil is one of those places where the white residents take possession of a liner and forget their exile for a night. They came on board at six that evening; sun-tanned Frenchmen with the ribbons of their decorations in the button-holes of their white dinner-jackets; vivacious women flocking into the hairdresser's shop for shingles, crops, and waves, a new pair of silk stockings, a bottle of perfume. The sun goes out over the horizon like a lamp dropped into water; and then the smoking-room is filled with our visitors, and many "Sauvage" cocktails are shaken in the bar. A bugle sounds and, as chattering and laughing they stroll towards the dining-saloon, I realize that even in Port Gentil a Frenchwoman with an Eton crop can be very smart indeed.

These French people have the gift of forgetting their surroundings in the gaiety of the moment. Here on this steaming African coast their food is the interminable chicken, condensed milk, olives, and sardines, melting tinned butter. Dinner, iced champagne, dancing — exquisite. For a night they are back in Paris. It is, I am told, a common experience to find one or two men asleep in a cabin when the ship proceeds to sea. They are disembarked at the next port.

At midnight they leave us, cherishing the memory of their respite from Africa until the next Chargeurs Reunis liner calls in a fortnight's time.

THE NATIONAL GARB OF SPAIN: Thousands of pounds worth of Spanish shawls are dealt with in one shop alone in Madrid. Happy hours can be spent here among these delicious articles of attire

The BASQUE HINTERLAND and the PYRÉNÉES

A Place Lovely and Still Unspoiled

By ELEANOR ELSNER

In olden days it was said that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. Nowadays we are wiser, or perhaps more foolish. We begin earlier than the spring, too. Before the winter is half over everyone is playing with thoughts of foreign travel: "Somewhere in the south where the sun shines, where there are bright skies and gay flowers, a table set out of doors where one can sip one's coffee or drink an apéritif." Who can say that such scenes never flash up disturbingly, enchantingly, suddenly, in the middle of the darkest day?

Following in their train comes the inevitable question, where to go? and the answer, almost always, somewhere new, a fresh place, for the unknown country always attracts. One might imagine there was no new place to be found in Europe, and it is a matter of great wonder to me that many more people do not visit that fascinating Basque hinterland which is so attractive and so entirely unlike any other place.

Right behind Biarritz and St. Jean-de-Luz it lies, stretching away to the south-east, over a country where interesting Basque villages are tucked away amongst the mountains, where Basque dances may be seen and the game of pelota watched almost every evening, where the food is delicious and the inns comfortable. But the Basque hinterland is more than this; it is the starting point for those lovely Pyrenean hill towns and villages which are found in the curves of the most delightful mountains in Europe.

The Pyrénées stretch down from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, like a lovely chain set with various jewels. It is really very hard to choose between these gems, and I am not sure some of the smaller and lesser-known ones are not more precious than the larger ones. St. Jean Pied-de-Port, for instance, that delicious little town in the Basque hinterland is comparatively unknown, although it is one of the most picturesque places in Europe. It lies on the River Nive—a very celebrated trout and salmon stream—and the Nive Angler's Club at least is well known to all fishermen, reporting the condition of its water daily to Biarritz, from which it is only a few miles distant.

St. Jean Pied-de-Port has two excellent hotels, a bubbling stream that rushes through its main street, and some of the most interesting and historical old houses in the entire Basque country. So far it divides its favours mostly between fishermen and artists, and if one talks about it in public someone is sure to cry out: "Oh, *don't* let it get popular, do let us keep it unknown and unspoilt."

Then one comes to the larger jewels—Pau, Lourdes, Cauterets, Luchon, Eaux Bonnes, and Eaux Chaudes, Mont Louis, Vernet les Bains—who shall choose between them.

Pau is, of course, best known of all; its climate is soft and warm, its hotels range from the *de luxe* variety to the less pretentious and perhaps more comfortable houses. The view of the Pyrénées from the long terrace is incomparable, said to be the most superb mountain view in all Europe. There are violets under the trees, and the sun shining on the hills round about Pau, as well as every modern amusement such as fox-hunting, bridge and dancing, theatres, polo and flying, as well as the most delightful motor trips.

Lourdes is a place which everyone should visit at least once in their lives; the great Pyrenean shrine is more than well worth the hour in the train from Pau, or the half-hour in the car necessary to get there.

I advise everyone to motor as much as possible in the Pyrénées; the roads are first class, the scenery unique. One passes as in a dream from one lovely picture to another; there are hills covered with Spanish chestnuts, hills covered with gorse and lichened rocks, hills—further distant—covered with snow. Between them lie the green-carpeted valleys, villages with quaint church towers rising above the houses, scattered farms on the hillside; yokes of oxen which look as though they had been cut out of cream-coloured velvet, children who offer you posies of the delicious spring flowers that cover the lower hillsides, and so one passes on through the string of jewels, longing to stop and examine each. First comes Eaux Bonnes, lying at the edge of its deep gorge, full of trees and gardens where people are drinking the health-giving water; then on to Eaux Chaudes by a road along the mountain-side like a shelf whence one makes the ascent of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau—if one is interested in superb mountain scenery this should not be missed.

Then comes Cauterets, one of the most famous places in the Pyrénées, not only for its waters but for the fact that it is the centre for the ascent of one of the highest peaks. Although it takes first rank among the thermal stations in France, and the strong Cauterets waters have been famous since Roman days, even the people taking the cure seem content and happy.

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WIRELESS IN THE WINTER MONTHS: Pleasure in the Home Results from Radio Progress

How the B.B.C. and the Manufacturers Co-operate to Increase the Benefits of Broadcasting

By EAMON GARRY

One of the most significant aspects of the radio form of entertainment is the fact that set-manufacture and public broadcasting advance side by side. It would be obviously useless for the B.B.C. to develop its system of transmission if the manufacturers were unable to give the public the full benefit of this in terms of finer reception. Inversely, the manufacturers would be wasting effort and finance in increasing the reproductive virtues of their sets if the B.B.C. only provided mediocre service.

It is in the fact that these two branches of a vital public utility have progressed simultaneously that the secret of Britain's broadcasting superiority is found. The past few months, and the months that are approaching, prove this particularly. When the B.B.C. conceived the idea of introducing its Regional system of broadcasting, the experts at Savoy Hill knew that this was only possible because the radio manufacturers had brought set-construction to such a high degree of selectivity that the good average set was able to separate the different stations. Had the manufacturers been no further advanced than the manufacturers of certain other countries, where the separation of stations is a failure, the B.B.C. would have been unable to proceed with their scheme.

The history of British radio has followed that dual route for ten years. To-day the British system of public broadcasting as provided by the B.B.C. is the best in the world and the declared envy of all other nations. In like manner, British sets, valves, and other components are superior to the product of any other country—that is why radio exports are so pronounced to the rest of the world.

On first sight the Regional system of broadcasting may seem complicated. So far as the B.B.C. internal organization is concerned it probably is complex. It would, in all probability, be extremely difficult for the public to negotiate, were modern radio sets also complicated. But the Regional broadcasts are readily received and beautifully reproduced because the up-to-date radio set has been reduced to terms of the utmost simplicity. They are built on such an extreme basis of simplified control that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

In considering the British system of broadcasting an important consideration emerges. Radio is, of course, an element of lightningly rapid movement. It is only to be expected that its domestic utility should also evidence the same signs of rapidity. Therefore it has to be stated that domestic radio (by which I mean wireless reception in the home) has advanced during the past three to five years with amazing speed. What was modern two or three years ago is "incapacitated through age" to-day.

I have been forced to the conclusion that many listeners are not giving the B.B.C. a square deal or a fair chance. They are endeavouring to drive a Rolls-Royce into a garage built to hold their old baby saloon. And when both the "R.-R." and the garage gates are damaged in the process, they blame both the car and the garage. The correct procedure is to get a new garage large enough to house the new and larger car.

Complaints are often made to the effect that "I can only get National on my set" or "I can't cut out London" or "I get two programmes clashing together." The poor B.B.C. is blamed for this. The truth is that the complainants are trying to get 1930 programmes on 1925 sets. It should not be necessary for me to point out that sets that were adequate three to five years ago, when the B.B.C. service was more restricted than it now is, are not capable of the acute selectivity that the present multiplicity of programmes demands. What is needed for modern programmes is a modern set.

There may be an idea abroad that the latest set, capable of performing the daily miracle of sorting out 30 different programmes from all over Europe, must of necessity be an expensive luxury. It is neither a luxury nor expensive. It can be done on sets ranging, as, for instance, do the famous Kolster-Brandes receiver, from 75s. to 75 guineas.

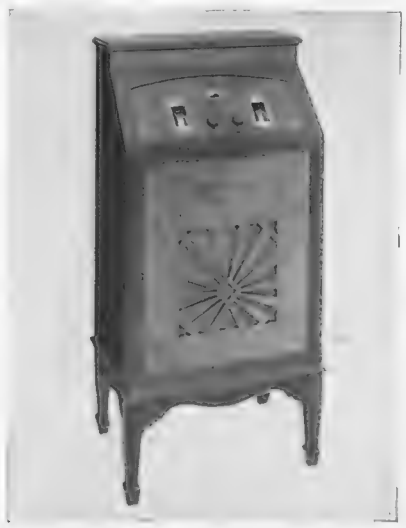
Readers have written to this office seeking guidance in this matter of set purchase. For their benefit I have of late been giving a selection of sets an exhaustive test under the most difficult conditions. My flat is in the heart of the West End, and I can assure you that the environs of Piccadilly Circus is not the ideal place for picking up programmes from the ether with purity because of the excess of electrical interferences in that area. In addition, I have motored out to Potters Bar and parked the car at the very gates of Brookman's Park in order to try the different sets under the shadow of the giant aerials—a stringent test.

As a result I can answer our readers' inquiries by stating that the sets I now propose to mention passed both tests perfectly. There was flawless clarity in reception and I had no difficulty whatever in separating the stations, switching from programme to programme and back again with but a slight twirl of the dial. It is impossible to give the regional system a greater challenge, and the sets to which I refer came out of the test with colours flying at top-mast.

One of my tests affected the Phillips sets, of which I tried a three-valve electric receiver in my flat and their portable at Brookman's Park. The first (type 2531) gave sparkling tone and clean-cut definition. It is a good-looker, glossy cabinet of mottled philite of chaste design; it is no disfigurement to any location. The portable (type 2522) model revealed capacity for remarkable volume control, from thunder to a whisper. It is absolutely self-contained and pleasingly convenient to carry.

(*Continued on page 382*)

A Phillips Radio-gramophone (type 281) is a beautiful addition to one's home. It works from the mains and has an illuminated turntable for the gramophone section



The Kolster-Brandes models are excellently produced. Their two-valve A.C. all-mains receiver is one of the most popular. The external appearance of the cabinet is most attractive

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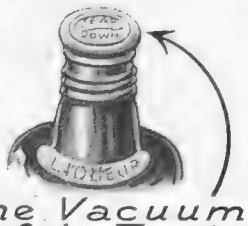

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WIRELESS in the WINTER MONTHS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

As a matter of fact this particular firm has a high reputation for all its products and a Phillip set can be relied upon. For those who do not mind spending a few more pounds in order to gain additional advantages I ought to mention the Phillips (type 2811) radio-gramophone. This is a handsome piece of furniture and a *de luxe* machine. It works from the mains and not even a child could make it go wrong. There is single-tuning control to the radio receiver and an illuminated turntable for the gramophone part. One of these days, when I can afford £80, I will . . . but cease thy dreams, journalist!

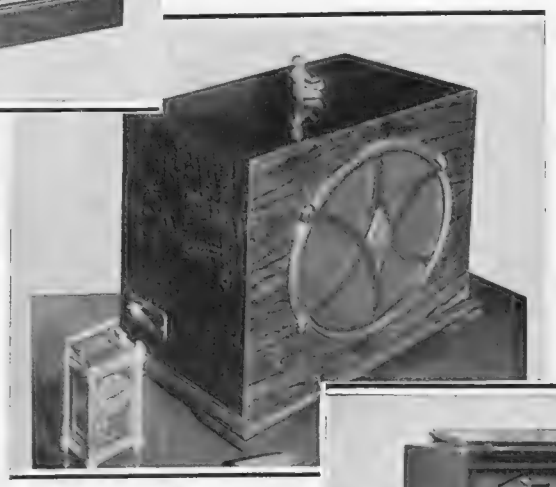
BROWNIE WIRELESS: The Dominion Mains S.G. 3 Receiver

I referred a moment ago to the Kolster-Brandes product and here I wax conceited. But a few weeks ago, when this firm showed its latest models, I unhesitatingly said, "Here are *the* goods." And now I can say, "I told you so," which is of course the happiest moment in the life of woman or journalist. Twenty thousand people already corroborate my prediction and praise; their number is increasing at the rate of 5,000 a week.

Mr. W. A. Bartlett, Managing Director of Kolster-Brandes, informs me that the demand for their latest models has been overwhelming, and as a result their staff has had to be increased by more than 50 per cent., and sales show the remarkable increase of 200 per cent. over the same period last year. In other words for every set they were selling a year ago they are now selling three. K.-B. are selling approximately 5,000 sets a week, or at the rate of 260,000 sets a year—a figure never approached before.

Kolster-Brandes owe much of their success to the comprehensive list of receivers which they produce, ranging from the famous K.-B. double turntable five-valve radio gramophone at 250 guineas (the most luxurious set on the market) to their latest two-valve set—the K.-B. "Pup"—which is priced at £3 5s. including speaker, and which is having such an enormous sale throughout the country. So popular has this become that K.-B. are now placing an all-electric "Pup" on the market immediately, at the low price of £8 10s. complete with valves and loud-speaker.

Among the more popular of their other models may be mentioned—the two-valve A.C. All-Mains receiver at £11 15s.; the four-valve A.C. Mains transportable receiver at 39–42 guineas; and the five-valve A.C. mains receiver at £39 10s. Kolster-Brandes have also placed on the market two new loud-speakers, the K.-B. 232 Cabinet Cone speaker at £3, and the K.-B. Dynamic speaker from 5–10 guineas, which have been well received.



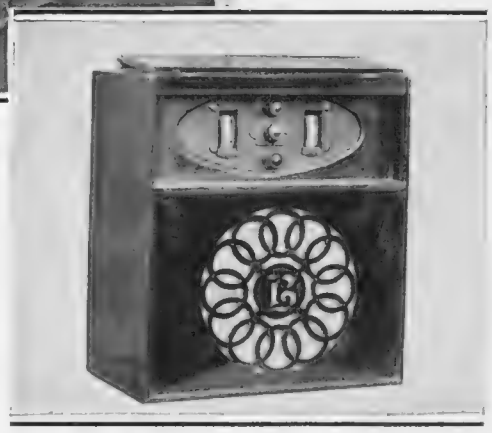
H.M.V.: Model No. 4, the latest loud-speaker for the home

During the recent Radio Exhibition at Olympia, one of the most visited stands was that of the Brownie Wireless Co., Ltd., who have achieved great success since the Exhibition with their latest model. This is the Dominions Maine Screened-grid Three, a remarkably compact receiver which normally picks up most of the Continental stations without interference from the Regional transmitters—a distinct achievement.

It is a fine-looking set, its solid walnut cabinet a graceful addition to any room. Its mechanical performance is simply splendid and, in fact, amazed me in view of its moderate price. The "younger member" of the family is the Dominion Mainset Two, a healthy junior of great selectivity and finely sensitive to all programme offering which it reproduces with gorgeous tonality. Both these models are available for being driven from the mains—plugging in to the domestic electrical supply or by batteries.

Note, too, how the manufacturers have progressed in the matter of home effects. They were wise enough to observe that as radio increased in popularity sets would have to decrease in ungainliness. The result is that the modern set is an adornment to the furnishing of any room. This thought was impressed on me while testing some of the very excellent "Brown" products, especially the model which they have called "The Dorchester."

This receiver is obviously so entirely in a class by itself that it is destined to be one of the largest selling receivers in the quality class. The Dorchester was designed for the man who is determined above all else to have the best that money can buy. From the æsthetic point of view the Dorchester has an irresistible appeal to all who love the most peerless examples of the cabinet-maker's craft. No one with taste could resist its extraordinarily handsome design—women particularly will appreciate the beautifully-finished walnut of which it is made.



S.G. BROWN: The portable 4-valve screen grid receiver made by this famous firm

This super-console receiver satisfies the critical lover of music. Its tone beggars description, while its volume has that richness which is characteristic of Brown reproduction. In other respects the performance of the Dorchester is equally admirable. It will receive many of the long-distant foreign programmes upon a background of utter silence at the same time as the local station is working. In this way it will satisfy the demands of the long-distance enthusiast just as much as it will the lover of faithful musical reproduction.

Here, then, I have given inquiring readers a survey of sets capable of excellent performances. Each one confirms the remarks in the forepart of this article: that the radio manufacturers have kept alongside the B.B.C. in broadcasting development.

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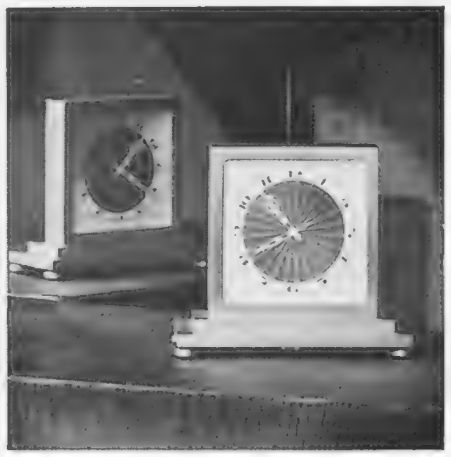
Further information and advice can be obtained upon application to Dept. S.P., The Agent-General for British Columbia, British Columbia House, 1/3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1



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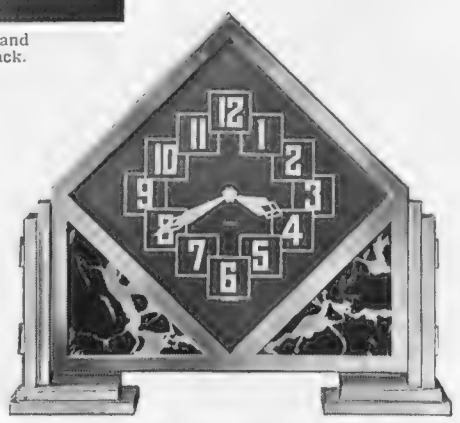

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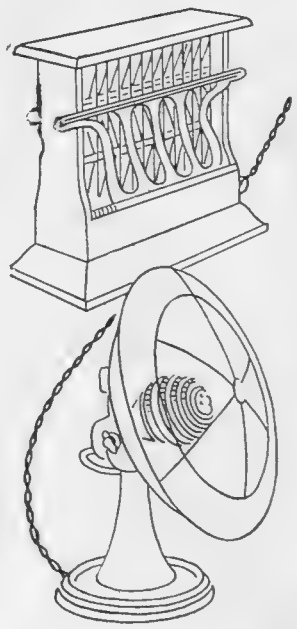

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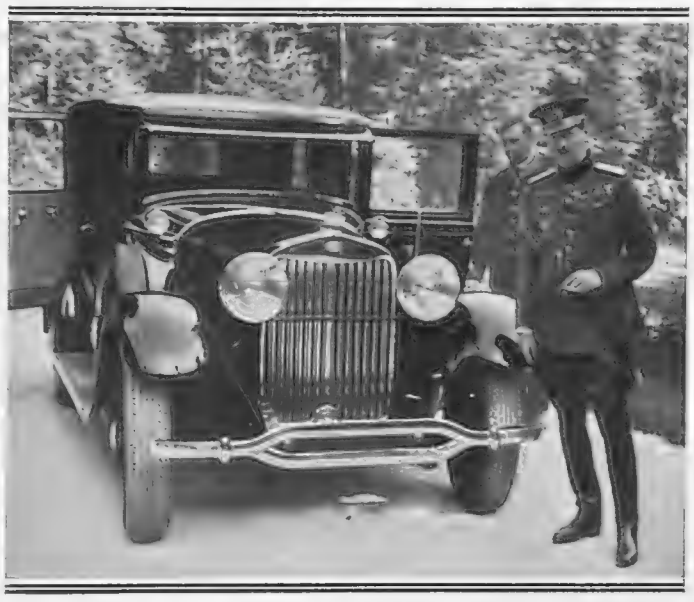
The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE EMANCIPATION DAY RUN. — The annual run for "Old Crocks" will take place on Sunday, November 23rd. As I mentioned previously this event will be organized this year by the R.A.C. and although they are awarding no prizes but merely issuing certificates to the owners of those cars which complete the journey from London to Brighton within certain limits of time, the entries number fifty-seven. The oldest car competing is an 1894 Benz and the three most modern vehicles to take part will be a Renault, a White Steam car and a Rolls-Royce, all of which were made in the year 1904. Amongst the entries I notice the following examples of early British vehicles, Star, Daimler, Wolseley, Riley, Lanchester, Stephen, Rover, M.C.C., Siddeley, and Thornycroft. The cars will start from Henly's Garage on the Embankment and will finish up at Brighton, where the entrants of those who arrive will partake of tea. The run is being organized in order to celebrate the first London to Brighton run held in 1896 when motorists were first allowed to drive without having to be piloted by a man with a red flag. The public, who watch the cars en route, are certain to be amused and also interested and I shall be very surprised if the majority of the entrants do not succeed in arriving at their destination in time. I well remember officiating as starter on the first of these runs about four years ago, and after I had sent the last man away I got into my own car and thought I could easily overtake the first one I had dispatched before I reached Purley; but the crowds along the road and the surprising speed of the leaders set me a task which I never accomplished because when I arrived at Brighton I found that the first six cars had already completed the whole distance. On Sunday I know that huge crowds will line the route and I would ask those of my readers who are watching to keep well back from the path of the vehicles because what we consider to be easy gradients assume the proportion of mountains when they have to be tackled by ancient cars. When the driver sees one of these gradients ahead he has to open all out if he wishes to make a clean ascent and if people get in his path he naturally has to slow up and thus spoil his chances of success.



PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP: King Carol of Rumania stands and regards with pleasure his newly-acquired Lincoln car

EXTRAORDINARY GEAR-CHANGING.—These old motor-cars are now acquiring a real vintage value. Before these runs were organized they were left out in the fields so that chickens roosted in them or trees grew up through the floor boards. Anyone could buy a specimen for a few shillings, but now it is difficult to effect a purchase under £30. There is no getting away from the fact that the lucky owners derive much amusement and not a little knowledge from tinkering and tuning them up. In most cases they are running practically in their original form and some of the drivers who have not been in possession long enough to gain the necessary experience find the utmost difficulty in working the controls. We have all become so accustomed to operating an accelerator pedal that, when we are given only a hand throttle to manipulate, all kinds of unforeseen difficulties arise when endeavouring to change gear. Certainly on most of the older cars there is no gear change such as we know it to-day. In many cases the change is effected by moving a "how-do-you-do" lever, this being placed in a horizontal position just below the steering wheel. Then there is the type with the lever in the present-day position operating in a segment, not in a gate, the result being that in order to get from top into neutral the lever has to be pulled through all intervening gears. Other controls are even more exciting and, when the transmission is by flat belt as is the case in many of the competing cars, all sorts of fun can develop. On the other hand many of these cars possess quite up-to-date features and you can do things with them that are quite impossible even with a 1931 model. Only the other day I watched a single-cylinder De Dion car start up on the switch, which is really remarkable because in much later days when trembler coil ignition was used in four-cylinder engines the carburation was seldom good enough to allow such an easy method of starting to be followed.

It is quite an education to examine these early cars and compare any particular make with its present day counterpart. The 1904 Rolls-Royce ticks over like a watch and seems to run almost as silently and as smoothly as the very latest car from Derby. The 1903 Lanchester has a worm-driven back axle which is still a feature of the latest model. Incidentally this particular car deserves special inspection because there are many features on it which were well in advance of the general practice of those times. Another striking characteristic of all but a few of these veterans is the exposed position in which the occupants were placed. Motoring was real motoring in those days and not mere transport in a stuffy saloon. The exhilaration of driving at 30 m.p.h. without hood or windscreen has to be experienced in order to be appreciated, but those of us who have been fortunate enough to brave the elements in this way often repeat the sensation by taking out an open car and dropping the windscreen, though even then it is not quite the same thrill as the

(Continued on following page)

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Lieut.-Colonel Cole, chairman of the Company, speaking at the luncheon, expressed the hope that when the labours of the Round Table Conference were finished and the delegates returned to India, they would say that industry in England was progressive, and that from their personal observation they knew that the market could contemplate with every confidence an increase of business transactions so far as British goods were concerned, and thus foster that extension of reciprocal trading which was so desirable in the interests of good fellowship and mutual understanding.

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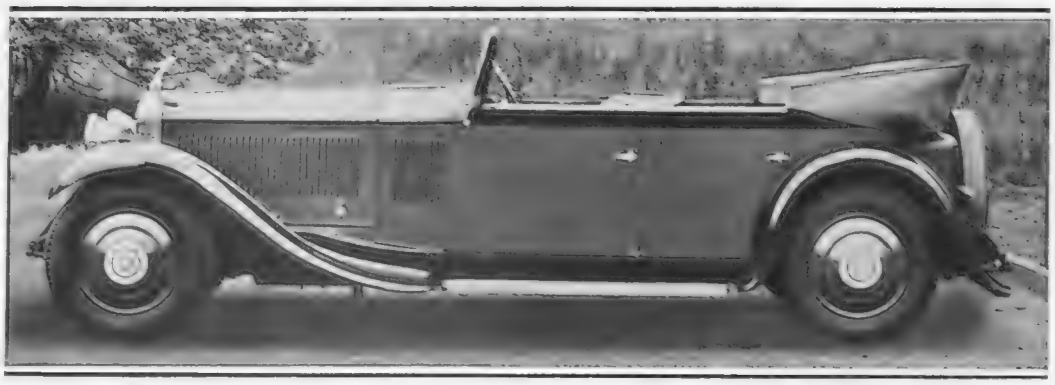
Mr. Shripad Balwant Tambe of the Central Provinces, who returned thanks, pointed out that there was great scope for the development of the British Motor Industry in the Indian States. He expressed the hope that India would some day be producing her own motors, but at present she assured England that they had no wish entirely to sever themselves from the Mother Country.

PROGRESS AND THE PAST: This Ford cabriolet forms a curious contrast to the quiet, old-world atmosphere created by the old Spreadeagle Inn at Midhurst



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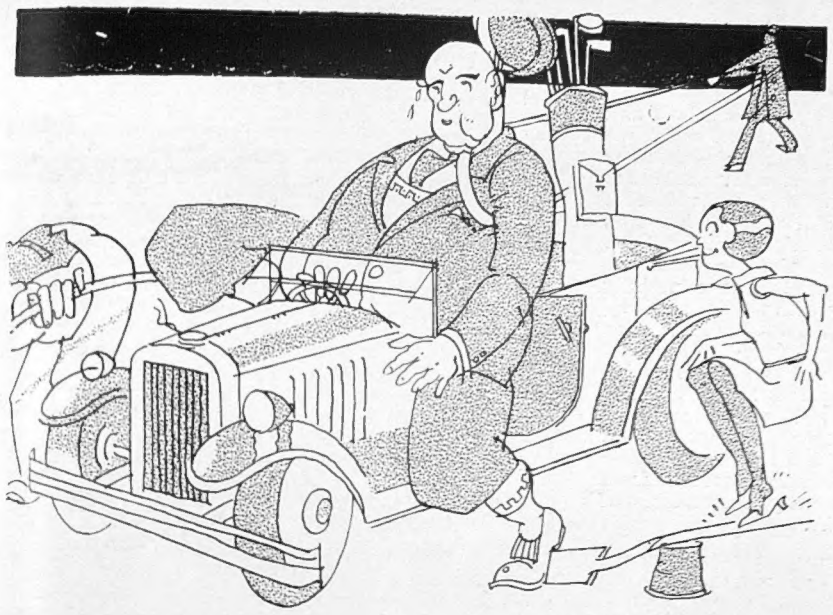

"And after lots of shouts and groans
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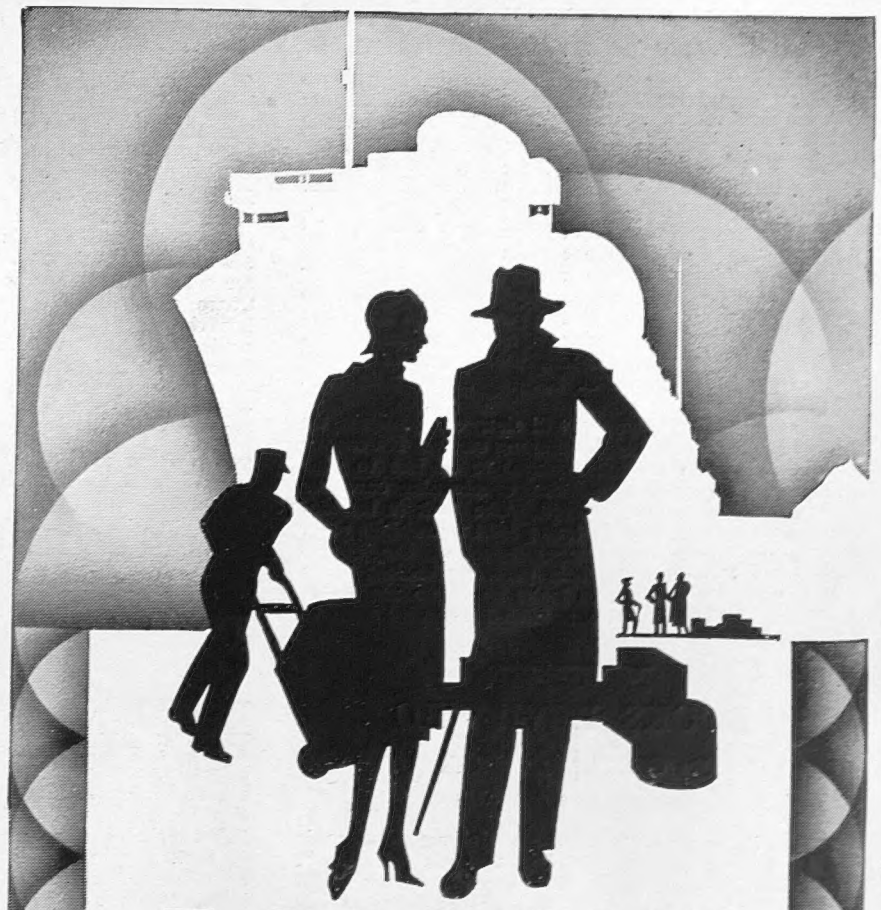

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EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (V)

By FERDINAND TUOHY —Concluded

(*Continued from page* 355)

. . This February Germany will have 5,000,000 unemployed; France, perhaps, 500; 60 per cent. of the servant girls of Berlin, dismissed, are faced with the streets. In France women and girls run trams in the absence of adequate male numbers. Can this kind of thing conceivably go on?

There are some who are beginning to fear that the only course, should France persevere in her present declared rigidity which can but bring eventual war and probably Bolshevism, may be for England to denounce Locarno, giving two years' notice, and lean openly towards a rectification of affairs on lines more equitable. As things stand, this treaty is wholly favourable to France. A bulwark for her to lean back on.

Much water, however, will flow ere we come up with such conceivably boomerang strokes if ever we do. Meanwhile there is nought to do but to plod away with gradualness. No spectacular cures or panaceas are to be expected. The task is terrific. There never was such a task; 1914 was child's play. In every corner lurk angry spectres, the Soviet haunting the whole. It is perfectly useless to be optimistic. It sometimes looks as if too much has come to a head all of a sudden for mortal man to cope with.

BOOKS REVIEWED

By CECIL ROBERTS

(*Continued from page* 372)

Here is the first volume of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's enormous work, *The Anatomy of Bibliomania* (Soncino Press. 28s.). The second volume is to appear in May next year. One's mind faints at the prodigious labour this work has caused its author. Here is a book about books, in the spirit in which Burton treated Melancholy in his *Anatomy*. Whatever has been said, done with, thought of books, is here quoted with chapter and verse, ranging through all ages and all literatures. "I affirm," says Mr. Jackson, "that bookmen, men of letters, students, and all manner of passionate readers are a species apart, finding their sustenance in the printed word as plants imbibe air," and he goes on to prove it in 419 pages of scholarship, wide reading, and, let me add, exquisite type.

I have never yet picked up a novel by Mrs. Anne Douglas Sedgwick and found my high expectations unfulfilled. Here in *Philippa* (Constable. 7s. 6d.), there is the same grace of style, warm sympathy with all her characters good and bad, and that delicate but inexorable examination of life, so sensitive, so masterly that her page holds delight after delight. Philippa is the daughter of a household that had come to wreckage. She witnesses the divorce of the two parents she loves, and through her eyes we follow the march to ruin of Aldous, her father. Loved by two women, he had no grip over the course of his own heart. Mrs. Sedgwick has done nothing more poignant than this study of a woman realizing after twenty years that she has no hold on the man for whom she has changed the course of her life. There is little enough in the plot, but Mrs. Sedgwick has the gift of making the slightest thought of her subjects pregnant with interest. The opening in the concert hall with the inconsequent chatter of a daughter who has seen her father with another woman is masterly, and the book never descends from this high level. It is wholly worthy of the author of *Tante* and *The Little French Girl*.

NOTES and NEWS

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1930. This being the twenty-first ball, the theme will be "Coming of Age." The tickets are 1½ guineas each. The price of the last thousand will be increased. The second tier boxes are 5 and 7 guineas and the loggias are 15 guineas; grand tier, 20 guineas. Fancy costume is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn. The price of the ticket includes supper and refreshments. A limited number of Venetian cloaks may be hired at the Hall. The Embassy Band (augmented) conducted by Jack Harris, the Clabon West Orchestra—The Rovers—under the direction of P. S. Clabon Glover, and the Pipers and Drummers of the London Scottish (by kind permission of the Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Colonel L. D. Henderson, M.C.) will play. Tickets may be obtained from members of the club, the box office of the Royal Albert Hall, the usual ticket agencies, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

"THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1930

A special feature of the 1930 "Sphere" Christmas Number takes the form of a complete eight-page section entitled *Christmas in Snowy Lands*. The various scenes for this section have been drawn by artists familiar with the snowy countries of the earth. *The Romance of the Bus* is another fascinating section which takes the reader back into the middle of the past century; some delightful illustrations by contemporary artists embellish this feature. Other artists and writers take us still further back into the romance of the Middle Ages. *With Francois Villon on Christmas Eve* is the title of an actual document relating to an escapade of this most romantic of French poets: it is deliciously illustrated in colour. *With Rahere in St. Bartholomew's* is the subject of a stirring double page drawing by Mr W. Bryce Hamilton. Stories and interludes by brilliant writers will probably hold the attention of readers for many an hour during the dark Christmas days. The whole production is enclosed within a cover which is, in a way, a *tour de force* of decorative realism.

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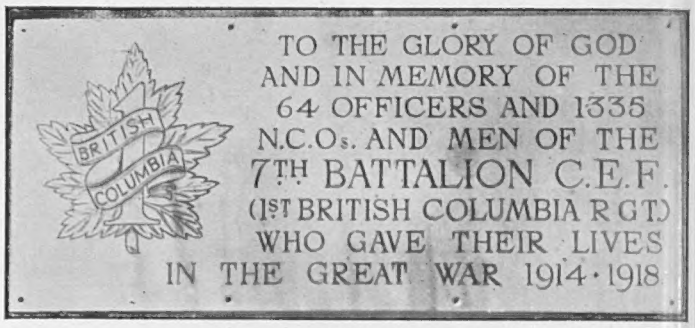
The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are making a special appeal for £5,000 which is needed to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use as a home for 180 girls. In this home every girl is given the best tuition in domestic duties, so that even if she eventually chooses a different career from domestic service she has gained a knowledge of those duties which are so essential to home happiness. Please send a gift towards this great work to the general secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.



UNVEILED ON ARMISTICE DAY: The memorial brass designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., which has been placed in St. George's Church, Ypres, by representatives of the 7th Battalion, C.E.F. (1st British Columbia Regiment). Although the shrine at Ypres contains memorials to sixty-four British regiments that fought in the Salient, the 7th Battalion is the only Canadian unit represented there

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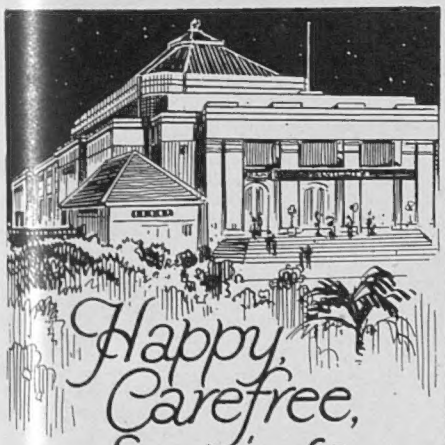

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